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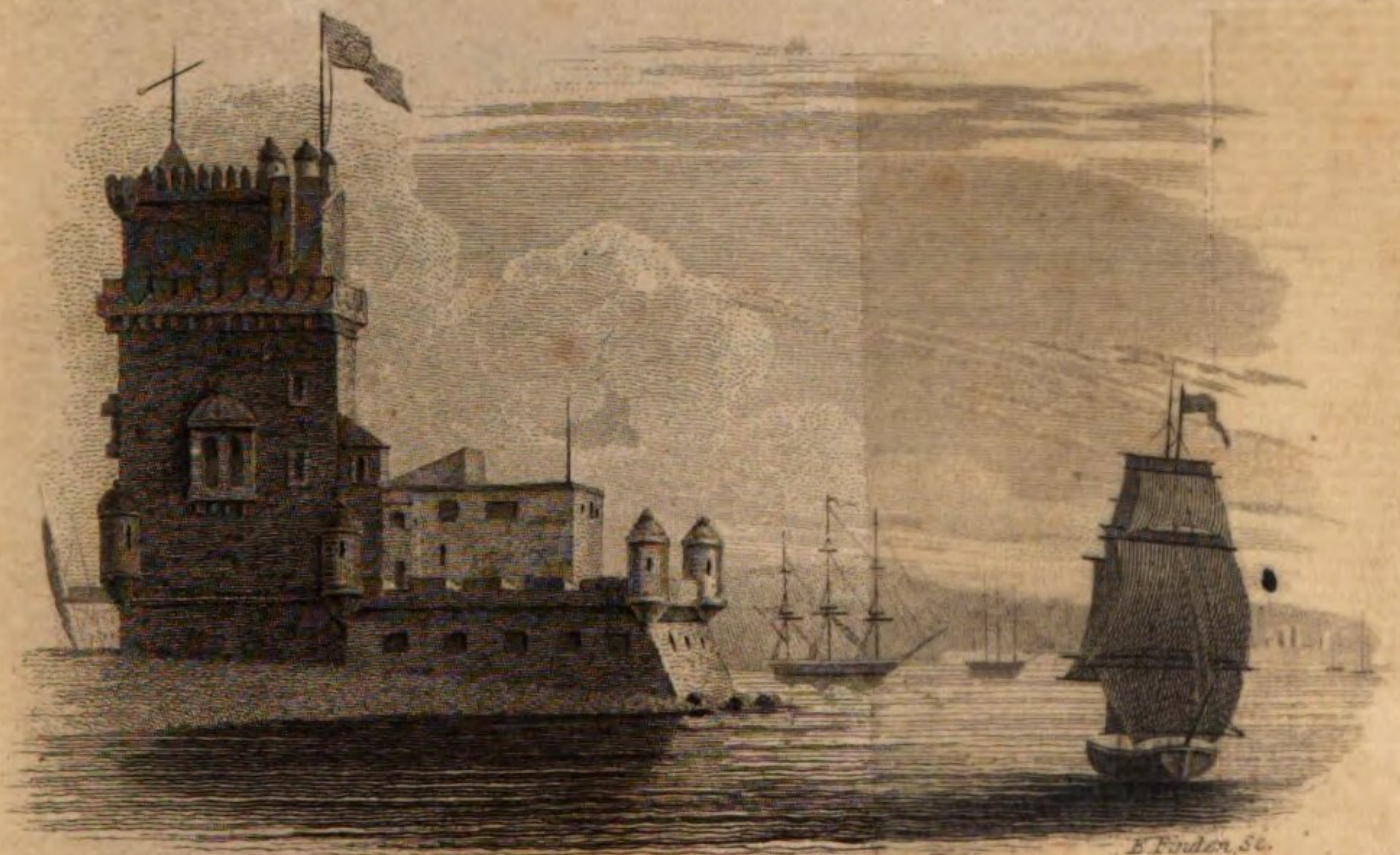
IN THE YEARS 1821, 1822, AND 1823.

BY MARIANNE BAILLIE.

SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

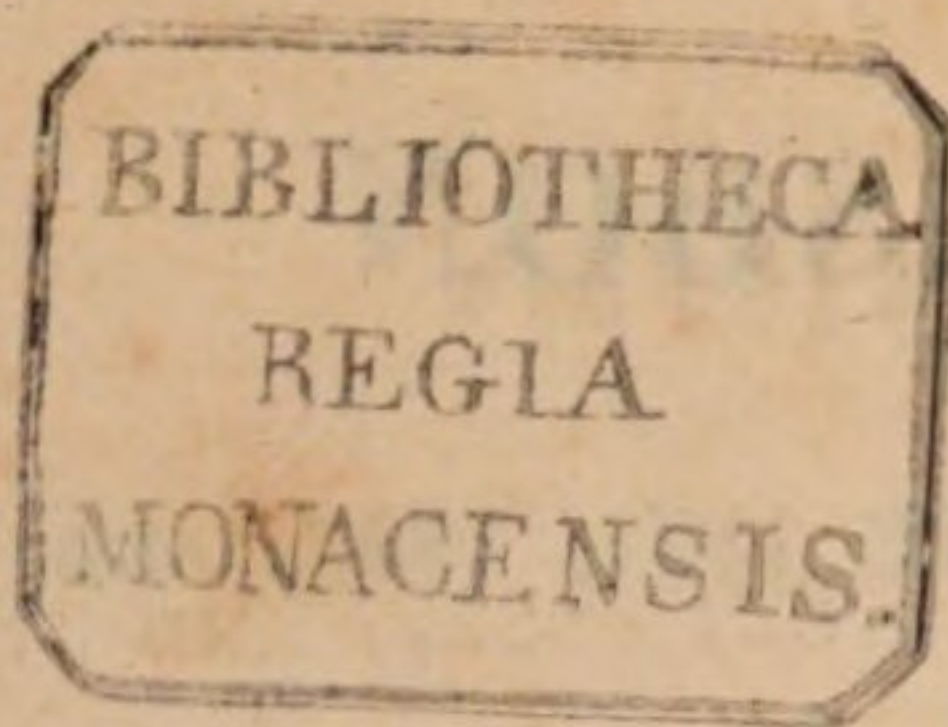
VOL. I.



BELEM CASTLE.
LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

MDCCCXXV.



L O N D O N :

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TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF CHICHESTER,
TO WHOSE KINDNESS THEY OWE THEIR EXISTENCE,
THESE LETTERS
ARE
MOST RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY
INSCRIBED
BY THE
AUTHOR.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON: Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall, 1794.

Vol. I.

CHAP. I.

THE DEATH OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

ON THE 30TH JANUARY 1649

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CHAP. I.

THE DEATH OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

P R E F A C E.



It will be easily perceived, that the Letters which compose this little Work, were not written with a view to publication; this, I am afraid, however, will not be considered an adequate excuse for the faults they will be found to possess: but it would be difficult now to alter their style, without impairing their interest; and I offer them, therefore, as they are.

Few countries, so near to our own, have of late years been visited and known so

little as Portugal; during the Peninsular war, the peculiar situation of the inhabitants, and the honourable occupation of my gallant countrymen, afforded small opportunity of becoming acquainted with the national habits and manners in their usual state. Lisbon, in fact, during that great struggle, was a British depôt; every thing was in an unnatural position; provisions, house-rent, and other necessities of life, were so exorbitant in price, that many of the first families withdrew from the metropolis, leaving their palaces and houses to the occupation of the military. The absence of the sovereign tended also very materially to alter the usual aspect of the place, more especially as he had been followed to Rio de Janeiro by a large body of the principal nobility.

It ought, I think, to be the object of every stranger in a foreign land, to enter, as

far as circumstances may permit, into the society of the natives; this has ever been the wish of Mr. Baillie and myself, and we therefore cultivated, as much as we could, the acquaintance of the Portuguese; we found them, generally speaking, by no means social, or encouraging towards foreigners, and I fear their usual character is not distinguished by frankness or urbanity. The elegant author of "Recollections of the Peninsula" accounts for this, somewhat at the expense of the English; but although there may be too much justice in what he advances upon the subject, I cannot entirely agree with him in the very favourable point of view in which he describes Lisbon. With him, every object is *couleur de rose*; his glowing imagination reflects its own splendid tints upon all he sees, and clothes really disgusting realities in the brilliant garb of

enchantment. Yet, am I fully persuaded, that he wrote as he felt, and was unconscious of the delusion; nor am I surprized at his feelings; he saw a southern country for the first time, he was elevated by the chivalrous spirit of his gallant profession, and, more than all, was then at that blest period of human existence,

“ When all things please, for life itself is new.”

To this may be added, that he probably saw Lisbon at a more favourable moment than the present; it was but just emancipated from the dominion of the French police, which is known to have effected miracles in the Augean task of freeing it from its annoyances and impurities. Mr. Matthews, in his “ Diary of an Invalid,” in many respects fully corroborates the statements which will be found in the following

Letters. Whatever may be my general opinion in regard to the Portuguese, I should be guilty of a great omission, were I not to seize the opportunity of mentioning, with every sentiment of grateful esteem, the kindness we experienced from some families, who received us with the most genuine politeness and hospitality. To those of Anadia, Alva, Lacerda, and Torrebella, our acknowledgments are more particularly due; these individuals would grace the society of any country, and their merit is the more striking, from their having been born and educated in one which, it must be allowed, is somewhat behind the rest of Europe in civilization and refinement.

It so happened that during our residence there, (about two years and a half,) Portugal was agitated by different circumstances and

events, all of which were of the highest possible import, and calculated to awaken a vivid degree of curiosity even in the mind of the most apathetic observer.

To all who are interested in Portuguese history, (if their principles be those of justice and liberality,) the conduct of the *constitutional* government during its brief reign must appear almost incredibly base and imbecile ; never was opportunity so completely lost, or power more shamefully abused. Had the ministry been firm yet conciliating, rather than overbearing, tyrannical and perfidious ; had they gradually introduced into their councils the respectable portion of the nobility, sustained the true dignity of their sovereign, and honoured religion in protecting the rights of the more virtuous part of their clergy ; and finally, had they enacted a more moderate code of laws, it is probable

that they would have been encouraged and assisted by other powers; but to every high minded principle they were utter strangers. These were trying times for the King of Portugal, as they would have been for a much wiser and more energetic monarch. His vacillation of conduct under late circumstances should be viewed with indulgence, and his excuse may be found also in the general character of the nation; badly educated, they are still incapable of appreciating the blessings, or of using without abusing the rights of a free people; can it create wonder then, that they were found to be capricious and unstable? The King and people therefore are equally to be excused: he was naturally timid and complying, and they knew not precisely what to hope or to demand. It is much to His Majesty's credit, that throughout he has continued popular; he is humane and accessible,

an enemy to the dungeon and the scaffold, and these are indeed virtues in an absolute monarch.

A very amiable authoress, with whom I have much pleasure in being acquainted, has of late entered fully into the history of the defection of the Brazils from the mother country; it would be irrelevant to my subject, were I to touch upon the ground she has chosen, further than to corroborate the accuracy of her statements respecting that event. All good minds must hope that some satisfactory arrangement for both countries, will be ultimately effected; by which means any unnatural warfare between father and son may be prevented; some time nevertheless must be allowed, before the fermentation of spirits on either side can reasonably be expected to subside; it is to be hoped too, that ere long, Portugal may

open her eyes to the necessity of keeping on good terms with Great Britain, her ancient and best ally; should gratitude for past services, for the blood of its brave sons freely shed in her defence, cease to animate the mind of her rulers, let her look at the published list of her wine exports, even during the last two years, and self-interest alone would surely prompt her to remain steady to her friend; at all events, she will do well to reflect that *sudden* friendships are not always to be trusted.

The fate of some individuals for whom I cherish the most heartfelt esteem and regard, is so deeply involved in that of Portugal, that my wishes for the prosperity of the latter will ever be as constant as they are sincere. I have found it necessary to curtail the relation of many circumstances, and wholly to omit others, the publication

of which would very greatly heighten the interest of these letters; the authoress to whom I have already alluded, has expressed herself to have been actuated by similar motives with my own; and I most entirely coincide in her sentiments where she observes, that “the *whole* truth should not always be spoken.”

LETTERS,

&c. &c. &c.

LETTER I.

Reeves's Hotel, Buenos Ayres,

June 27th, 1821.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

You will naturally be anxious to receive the intelligence of our safe arrival in Portugal. We had an average passage of eight days; and we now find ourselves fixed for the present, until we have had time to look about us and to choose a permanent residence, at Reeves's Hotel, Buenos Ayres. This is a suburb of Lisbon, standing upon higher ground than the city itself, and is a favourite resort of the English, being generally considered as a cooler and more cleanly

(or rather a *less filthy*) situation than the latter.

The difficulties we have met with in procuring a house, servants, &c. are really astonishing; no houses are let ready furnished, nor are you allowed to hire one for a less period than six months. Thus, if you wish for temporary accommodation, the hotels (expensive as they are) afford you the most economical as well as the most convenient resource. The few English servants here are exorbitant in their demands, in regard to wages; in addition to which, we are assured that their capabilities are very limited, and their general indolence and impertinence fully equal to that of the "*helps*" in America. We have therefore taken a Spanish man-servant, who appears to be much superior to the usual run, and who speaks several languages—our own included. The first impression which Buenos Ayres made upon our minds after landing, was by no means favourable; we toiled up a steep ascent from the shore, passing through a parched neglected looking garden, beneath a rude trellis of vines; from whence we

emerged into one of the narrow streets, in the immediate vicinity of our hotel. The view of this street was startling from its filth, and disgusting from the bad smells which we found it impossible to escape, as they continued to overpower us, without intermission, during its entire length. However, I flatter myself that we must have seen the worst in the neighbourhood. The view from the windows of the hotel is reckoned very beautiful. It is certainly fine in its way; but I am sure that travellers (from what motive I am at a loss to conjecture) have greatly over-rated its charms. The Tagus, undoubtedly one of the noblest rivers in Europe, stretches its wide expanse before us, and is bounded in the distance by mountains indistinctly defined. The nearer points of rocky coast, at this season bare and sandy, are studded with white walled buildings, among which the towers of convents are pre-eminent, and the effect altogether is singular, and not unpicturesque; but we have seen views in a similar style so far superior, in different parts of the continent, that when I assent to the vaunted beauty of this, I do so almost

mechanically, and rather with a wish to avoid appearing fastidious, than from any genuine fervour of admiration. The distant effect of Lisbon, however, when beheld from the mouth of the harbour, as you sail up the river, is superb in the extreme. I have been much disappointed at finding no place here where we can enjoy the exercise of walking after the heat of the day is over. The sharp pointed, rugged stones, with which the ground is paved for several miles round, (and in Buenos Ayres there are no flagged pavements for foot passengers,) the total absence of grass or gravel paths, and the cruel want of a single tree for shade or shelter, render the dull and paltry garden belonging to the hotel our sole resource. Surely it is impossible to call the vicinity of Buenos Ayres "*the country*." The climate, which, in the spring and winter months is bland and pure, (the fair free gift of heaven,) seems to be lost upon the indolent, abject, listless inhabitants.—The slightest efforts of industry and activity, would have converted the above-mentioned garden into a paradise of bloom-

ing sweets; but as it is, it affords nothing but a picture of sloth, neglect, and want of taste. Having so lately seen the neat and lovely cottage gardens of Devonshire, the contrast of those we here behold, is striking. Geraniums of every species, loaded with bloom, rise in this country to the height and size of shrubs; the carnations also are very rich and luxuriant, requiring little or no culture, among which I observe some of a light yellow colour; and remarkably fine China roses are common, but those which have any scent are more rare. Lavender and rosemary grow wild upon every rocky height, and are in this garden so plentiful that they might be formed into thick hedge-rows; but, alas! they serve only to correct, in some degree, the fumes which arise from a neighbouring dunghill, the unworthy companion of their bloom and fragrance. There are other scents also, which every evening, after sunset, begin to arise from each house in the vicinity. It is a very *dangerous* and *hazardous* indulgence to stand in the projecting balconies of the lower windows during the brief twilight. In any other country you

might flatter yourself that now was the hour to enjoy the reviving influence of the pure breeze from the river; but *here* your only safe or agreeable resource lies in shutting out every breath of outward air, unless you would run the risk of inhaling the most pestilential effluvia. Dogs, of every shade and gradation of the mongrel breed, lank, lean, filthy, and voracious, lie about the streets in all directions, and in the most alarming numbers. The inhabitants of Lisbon maintain no other *scavengers*!

M. B.

LETTER II.

Buenos Ayres, June 30th, 1821.

YESTERDAY we set out in an open two-wheeled carriage (very like those old-fashioned vehicles to be seen in the prints of the earlier editions of *Gil Blas*), called a *Sége*, and drawn by a pair of small, long-tailed horses, of wretched appearance, one in the shafts, the other clumsily attached to his side, drawing only when ascending a hill, and bearing no share in the *weight*. The carriage itself was crazy, ill-contrived, and shabby in the highest degree, (but it was reckoned one of the best in Lisbon); and, thus accommodated, we proceeded to drive about the city, to view its principal squares, streets, &c. One of the largest of the former is the *Terreiro de Páço*, now called the *Praça do Commercio*. The equestrian statue in the centre, of Joseph I. is reckoned a work of merit. It is in bronze, of enormous proportions, and was modelled by Machado de Castro, a native artist. The *Roscio* is also a

large square, in which stands the Inquisition (like the ancient lion in the fable), shorn of its terrible teeth and claws. Let no one imagine however, that either of these places at all resembles Grosvenor or Portman Square. At this time the former was filled with loose and blinding sand, equally scorching to the eyes and to the feet, and neither was adorned with a single shrub or blade of grass. The people of Lisbon appear as if they had even a greater antipathy to verdure than Dr. Johnson, when he thundered forth his contemptuous anathema against "green fields" and those who "babbled of them." Some few of the best streets, built since the great earthquake, have flagged pavements; among them are Gold Street and Silver Street: the former chiefly inhabited by jewellers, the latter by silversmiths. Haberdasher Street contains only tradesmen of that description; and the silk-merciers, cloth-merchants, and linen-drapers, have also their streets appropriated generally to their different branches of trade, and called in like manner after their professions. The shops here are so inconveniently appointed, that

the task of shopping becomes nearly impossible to females in the higher classes of society.

There are women who answer the description of female pedlars, who are frequently employed both by shopkeepers and ladies, and who run about the town retailing goods of various kinds, gaining a profit both from the purchaser and the tradesman. These very often unite the trade of smuggling to their other occupations, and are then called "Contrabandistas." I am told, that they abound both in this country and in Spain. The manufactories are still in a state of infancy, or of very inferior pretensions; they chiefly consist of silks, earthenware, snuff, and glass; but the importations from Germany have of late years more than rivalled the productions of the latter.

The only theatres are the Italian opera-house (San Carlos), and the Portuguese theatre; the former, which a few years since, was remarkably rich in talent, is now so badly managed, as to be unworthy of any attention from foreigners; and the performers are so ill paid, as to have but little motive

for exertion. Of the latter I am not able to speak, for I do not, as you know, understand the language at present, and could therefore be no judge of the merits of the actors. We are assured, however, that, although the style of the drama is of a very inferior nature, there are several comic performers here, who would do credit to any stage. The streets, generally speaking, are not well lighted, but still they are equal in this respect to those of Paris, which is so ready to claim a superiority over all the rest of the civilized world! At the door of every Casa de Pasto, or public-house, we observed the ancient symbol of a bush; but we are assured that the wine found within is of so excellent a quality, as to require no sign of this nature.

We have tasted a sort of white light wine sold here, which we thought almost as refreshing and as excellent as hock, and for which the common charge is about two-pence a bottle; it is made in the vicinity of Lisbon, and is known by the name of vinho de t rmo. We remarked several equipages in the streets—chiefly s ges, but there were

some four-wheeled carriages also; both were equally shabby, clumsy, and inconvenient. The gentlemen in the inside were always without their hats, and the ladies many of them in full dress, with diamonds, although it was only noon. Of the principal public buildings, I cannot as yet pretend to give you any account, and I shall excuse my own indolence, and gratify your curiosity at once, by referring you to my future letters. The population is reckoned, I believe, at about 300,000 souls, and a fifth of the inhabitants are said to consist of negroes and mulattos; we observed some horrible specimens of the two latter! There are no circulating libraries to be found; the Portuguese have not hitherto patronized literature; which fact will not be disputed by any of our friends at home, when I tell them that there does not exist a good *Portuguese* edition of Camoens! one of the few native poets whose talent has risen above mediocrity! But where shall I find words strong enough to express the disgust of my feelings, when I reflect upon the appearance of the city in the aggregate, taking into ac-

count the personal appearance and customs of some of its inhabitants! Here, every sort of impurity appears to be collected together! You are suffocated by the steams of fried fish, rancid oil, garlic, &c. at every turn, mingled with the foetid effluvia of decayed vegetables, stale provisions, and *other* horrors, which it is impossible to mention—to say nothing of the filthy dogs, of whom I have formerly spoken. Wretches of a lower and more squalid appearance than the most sordid denizens of our St. Giles, lie basking in the sun, near the heaps of impurity collected at the doors, while young women, (and these of a more prepossessing personal appearance, from whom one would naturally expect greater delicacy in the olfactory nerves,) hang far out of the windows above, as if they were trying purposely to inhale the pestilence which contaminates the air beneath! Men and women, children and pigs, dogs, cats, goats, diseased poultry, and skeleton hogs, all mingle together in loving fellowship, each equally enjoying what seems to be their mutual element—dirt! I must beg you to add to this, that

the armies of fleas, bugs, mosquitos, and other vermin, are too numerous to be conceived even in idea, and the picture will be complete! I am sorry to leave you at so unfavourable a period of my description; but I am obliged to conclude this letter in haste. Adieu.

LETTER III.

Buenos Ayres, July.

SOCIETY, such as it exists in most other great capitals of Europe, appears here to be totally suspended or annihilated. During the late peninsular war, and at a still more remote epoch, we are assured that the utmost gaiety, variety, and sociality prevailed, both among the numerous British residents and some Portuguese families. *Now*, the case is sadly changed. The English are very few in number, and the native nobility, clergy, and gentry, live in the most secluded manner, showing little hospitality to foreigners, and maintaining but small intercourse with each other. The unsettled state of political affairs in some measure accounts for this. Many of the best families are either exiled by the new government, upon suspicion of *ultra* sentiments, or are still in attendance upon the Royal House of Braganza, in Brazil. The republican fac-

tion is small, but not perhaps the less dangerous upon that account. History abounds with examples of what has been effected by a handful of resolute and determined spirits. The Corcundas, or ultras, are held by the present faction in universal abhorrence, and the ascendancy of a constitutional form of government seems to be very decidedly pronounced. The only Portuguese gentlemen to whom we have as yet been introduced, is Senhor F. de L——, the second son of the Baron do B——, and an officer in the army. His father now lies dangerously ill, which we are told has been the reason that the ladies of this family have not offered us those hospitable and polite attentions for which they have ever been justly celebrated, and which, in these times, have brought them into discredit with the most violent of the government party, who are inconceivably jealous of the English. Lisbon, indeed, has hitherto appeared to us, in every respect, to be “weary, stale, flat,” and, I may truly add, “unprofitable;” for we have been assured by a most respectable merchant, who has long been settled here, that the comforts

indispensable to the establishments of English persons, are not to be obtained but at a greater expense than in our own country, with all its taxes. In this opinion, our brief experience leads us perfectly to coincide. A bachelor, who ought in some measure to be a cosmopolite, may find a residence here, upon more advantageous terms; but a family man (unhappy wight!) will be lamentably disappointed and displeased.

The heat has now attained its utmost force. Our window-shutters are closed to exclude the sun, and every door set open; but all is insufficient to relieve the oppression which the sudden change from a temperate to a hot climate has induced. Yet the air, sultry beyond any I have ever yet felt, is thinner and more elastic than it is in England during an unusually hot summer. We have not yet met with any good specimens of fruit; the cherries are generally very acrid, and strawberries extremely scarce; while the apricots, pears, plums, and oranges, (the latter being in season nearly the whole year,) are by no means finer than those we can purchase in England.

The same want of assiduous industry, which is so apparent in the culture of their vegetable and flower gardens, is equally visible in regard to the gifts of Pomona, who, to do her justice, has not here played the part of a step-mother. There are absolutely no such things in the city or its environs as either nursery grounds, flower shops, or gardeners regularly bred to the profession, and living upon its rich and varied resources. If you desire a root of a rare carnation, or a cutting from any other particularly fine plant, you must either purchase from the gardener of some rich man, and thus give encouragement to dishonesty, or make up your mind to relinquish your wishes.—The chief *forte* of the Portuguese appears to lie in their ship-building and stonemasonry: several models of naval architecture are now proudly floating upon the Tagus; they have also some fine batteries, but are so ignorant of the art of managing these advantages, that, we are told by all *judges* upon the subject, the best of them would easily be silenced by an English frigate, in the space of half an hour. A

ship of fifty guns is at this moment stationed here, for the purpose, it is *surmised*, of bringing off the British residents in case of any extraordinary political commotion. A packet from the Rio de Janeiro arrived last night, with part of the king's suite on board; but none of them have yet been allowed by the new government to land, upon the *ostensible* pretext of their being unprovided with passports. Opinions vary respecting the future conduct of this sovereign, who embarked (according to the intelligence brought by the packet) on the 26th of last April; consequently, he may daily be expected in the Tagus. Don John VI., (or, as the Portuguese spell the name, Don João,) is rather popular than not, and so indeed are the whole House of Braganza. If he accedes with *a good grace* to the demands of the Cortes, he may, and will be received with applause by the great mass of the nation. Among the upper classes, he has yet a considerable party, and the decided republicans have still *appearances* to preserve, whatever may be their interior feelings or ultimate designs; therefore it is not very probable

that any great disorder or tumult will ensue upon his arrival: it is in an after period, comparatively distant, that scenes of agitation and fierce confusion may be more rationally expected.

The royal family consists of two sons and four daughters. The king's personal wealth and property are enormous; and no less than six men are said to have been employed at Rio, for the space of three successive days, in packing up his gold, previous to the embarkation: before the new order of affairs took place, he was in possession of *almost every thing* in Lisbon; but, at present, his income is considerably curtailed, so as to leave him at his disposal about £80,000 per annum. The revenues of the patriarch (the Pope of Portugal) were also incredible: he has been lately banished the country, on account of his refusal to take the constitutional oaths; but he has nevertheless recommended the clergy to do so. The church and convent of the Coração do Jesus, usually called the Estrella, in the vicinity of Buenos Ayres, is one of the finest buildings of modern date; it was built by order of the late queen, and

at the expense of common sense, it might be added, when it is remembered upon what occasion, and in what an absurd spirit she undertook its execution: she really imagined herself to be in possession of the *heart* of our Saviour, (a clear proof of her superficial acquaintance with the most *important fact* of Sacred History,) which she enshrined in a golden box, and in honour of which she built this receptacle, calling it, as I have already said, the church of the Coração (*heart*) do Jesus. The Pope was unwilling at first to comply with her request of founding a new order of nuns upon the occasion; but afterwards yielded his better judgment to her importunities; thus preferring to bring contemptuous ridicule upon sacred subjects, rather than disappoint the wishes of an earthly sovereign. The building in question, though of far smaller proportions, is upon much the same plan as our St. Paul's, and is constructed wholly of a sort of bastard marble; near to it are the hospital, church, and burial ground of the English factory, established many years since, by Mr. de Visme: the former is an excellent institu-

tion, and the latter by far the most shady and the prettiest spot in the neighbourhood: it contains many a melancholy memorial of grief and tenderness; and the pale demon of consumption may here plume her spectral wings, and grin a ghastly smile of complacency upon counting the number of her victims. Adieu.

LETTER IV.

Buenos Ayres, July, 1821.

AT length we are fairly driven away from Lisbon by the tremendous heat of the weather! nothing but a native or a salamander can exist here, at this season! Cintra is to be our retreat, where we are encouraged to hope for temperate and refreshing breezes, and all the welcome luxury of shade. This step is as necessary as it is agreeable, for my strength has completely given way, under the influence of varied ailments, peculiar to *newcomers*! My child is scarcely recognizable, from the incessant stings of the mosquitos, in every part of his body, nor am I in a much better condition; a perpetual succession of restless and feverish nights, occasioned by the persecution of these horrid insects, is no longer endurable! —I agree with Mr. Matthews in his “Diary,” that “there is almost always a hot sun and a cold wind with it, in Lisbon;” had we given

due credit to this author's friendly cautions, had we allowed more to the sensible and accurate observer, and thought less of the fastidious *Invalid*, while perusing his journal, we should not perhaps have quitted the known comforts of our own country, for the uncertain pleasures of this land of the Sun! I formerly used to fancy every thing connected with *winter*, cheerless and undesirable, and was fully persuaded that I should enjoy with delight a perpetual summer: *now*, when experience forces me to open my eyes to the truth, I am but too well convinced of the benefit and charm of a change of seasons, such as we are accustomed to see at home; and while I cast my dazzled eyes upon the intolerable glare of blue sky and water, heightened by barren rocks, and faint beneath the scorching beams of the sun, "shining in his strength," I remember with a sigh the cheerful hearth, the close drawn curtain, and the music of the kettle, "singing on the hob," which I used to enjoy during the winter in our English cottage residence! *Cowslip* exclaims, Talk of Venus and her doves! give me a roast duck!" and in a

similar spirit, could I now say, "Talk of vineyards and of fountains! give me a good fireside!" How perverse is the human heart, or rather, how deceitfully flattering are the promises of Imagination! I think I may be the better probably, during the rest of my life, for the lessons a sojourn in Portugal have afforded me—the bee draws honey from the bitterest plants!

This evening I have amused myself by trying to sketch from my window a group of street musicians, the raggedest sons of Apollo I ever saw!—two men and a boy, filthy wretches all! monotonously thrumming upon a couple of cracked guitars, a doleful accompaniment to their hoarse and wiry voices! The costume of the lower orders would not be unbecoming, if they had a more thorough notion of personal cleanliness; when they walk out, it invariably consists, (in summer or in winter,) of a long ample cloth cloak, generally of a brown, black, or scarlet colour, with a deep falling-cape, called a "capote," which forms a graceful drapery, both to men and women; the latter wear a white muslin handkerchief



Drawn by M. Baillie.

— PORTUGUEZE LADY GOING TO MASS.

Published June 1824, by John Murray, London.

doubled cornerways, carelessly thrown over their dark braided locks, and fastened beneath the chin: when they go to mass, on festivals or Sundays, they carry a fan in the hand, and frequently assume an air of gravity and importance, bordering upon the supercilious; this, however, exists chiefly among the *old* women; the younger ones have a gay cheerful expression of countenance, and quick glancing eyes as brilliant and as dark as jet; *all* wear pink, green, or yellow silk shoes, or even white satin, and worked stockings, (the latter knitted very ingeniously by the peasants,) even in the midst of the most disgusting dirt and mud; the trade of shoemaker must be a profitable one in this country! The class one step higher in the scale of society, indulge in tawdry ill-chosen finery, in *sorry* imitation of the French and English fashions; but at mass, they exchange this gaudy attire for a black silk gown, and a deep transparent veil, of the same sombre hue, which latter they throw over their heads without any other covering, even in the coldest day of winter: their *religion* induces this chastity of taste in decoration, and I wish it

produced an equally beneficial result in other respects! Some few youthful faces which I have seen, appear pretty enough; the great charm being produced by the dark and brilliant eye, and depth of eyelash, to which I have already alluded; and although the complexion is *generally* sallow, and almost without exception brown, I have once or twice remarked a very rich and beautiful glow, like the bloom of a crimson carnation, upon the cheek. The *old* women appear to me, from the specimens I have hitherto seen, to be *invariably* hideous; we are given to understand, that the higher the rank of the people in this country, the plainer in feature they generally become, and that with some few exceptions, it is among the peasantry alone, that true beauty exists. I have not yet dared to glance at the customs of a Portuguese kitchen, for the *accounts* I receive are really too alarming, to be closely investigated: we have arrived at this hotel, (kept by very obliging English people,) in rather an unlucky hour, as they have parted with their cook, and are not yet provided with her successor, and the cookery

calling itself English, is just now detestable in consequence. The meat sold here is disgustingly prepared, owing to the ignorant method of the Portuguese butchers in killing it. Veal, in the environs of Lisbon, is prohibited by the laws, and all that comes to table is smuggled: this regulation, I rather think, was instituted with a view of preserving the breed of cattle, for the purposes of the dairy and the yoke; cows being in high request, (as goat's milk is the more common resource here,) and oxen are used for drawing carts and waggons: the breed of horses is small and delicate, consequently wholly unfit for heavy burthens or draught: the cows are unhappy animals; for there is little pasturage at *any* season, and *now* they are fed upon turnips, cabbages, &c. &c., which renders their milk poor, and of an impure flavour. Butter is *imported* from Ireland and England; of course it is all salted, and in summer becomes very rancid and oily; potatoes are grown here, but in such small quantities that they are imported likewise from the same places. An epicure would certainly commit suicide were he condemned

to pass a month in Lisbon, unless he happened to be exclusively fond of fish, which abound in the Tagus, and of various sorts and superior excellence: John Dorys and Turbot, the dear-bought solace of many an aldermanic soul, are here nearly as cheap as herrings in England, and are looked upon as an inferior food.

I am really so much indisposed with the various accumulated annoyances which we meet with at every turn, heightened by the aggravation of intense hot weather, that I can write no longer: if I were to attempt a continuation, this letter would resemble an apothecary's memorandum book—such a list of pains and aches! in mercy to *you*, therefore, as well to myself, I will say adieu.

LETTER V.

Buenos Ayres, July.

I AM quite in spirits at the idea of our speedy removal to Cintra; Dr. W. our English physician, having declared it absolutely necessary for my health and that of the child—in return for his agreeable advice, I am ready to pronounce him “a second Daniel!” This gentleman enjoys a high reputation both for medical talent and for private worth; and he is so kind to the poor, that they have universally named him, “*Santo W***.*” We do not hear a very encouraging account of the learned faculty in this country; with some honourable exceptions, they seem to have made little progress since the days of Doctor Sangrado, of deathless memory, and his plan, which in the time of Gil Blas was so much approved in Spain, is *now* quite the fashion *here*: but we must not be too severe in our reprobation of foreign practitioners, when we allow so

much credit to mere *theory* in the art, even in the bosom of our own enlightened metropolis!

Early this morning, we were saluted by the intelligence of the King's having entered the Tagus, and being in full sail up the river. The Cortes have sent to inform his Majesty that he *cannot be permitted* to land until tomorrow, nor indeed *at all*, unless he confirms and sanctions the late proceedings of that body: had this event been predicted to him when he first mounted the throne, it would doubtless have been considered as idle as the warnings of Cassandra: and yet the spirit of the age, so universally hostile to a *despotic* form of government, might, to a discerning monarch, have been clearly perceptible years ago! The King is come over in a line-of-battle ship, originally built at Lisbon, and named after himself, "Don João Sesto;" it has now anchored so near us, that we can discern with our telescopes what passes on board; she is surrounded by small boats, crowded with people, among whom we plainly distinguish

the King's rowers, dressed in scarlet, with gilt plates on the front of their caps: the river, and its far distant shores, resound with the roar of various royal salutes, poured from the brazen throats of every gun on board the numerous ships of all nations now in the harbour: the English frigate, the *Liffey*, Captain Duncan, is covered with innumerable flags of the gayest variety of colour, and the crew are attired in their gala costume; they are swarming amid the rigging, as well as upon deck, like clustering bees, and I can perceive some of the officers fearlessly stationed at the same dizzy height! Two Russian ships, besides this frigate, are now riding at anchor here—it is impossible, therefore, that the King should entertain much fear as to his personal safety, while he remains under the observation of such powerful defenders: his best security, however, will be the affection and confidence of his people—the King who has once taken possession of the *heart* of his subjects, needs not any other rampart than their arm; he may defy

foreign enmity, and dispense with foreign protectors! — nevertheless, I cannot but commiserate the unpleasant sensations which must certainly at this moment oppress the mind of Don João, especially as he himself is said to be painfully aware of his own incapacity.

(10 o'clock at night.) The popular mind is certainly in favour of the King; every creature who can command the use of a lamp, has hung out this token of his joy: the palace of the Ajuda, and the houses of the upper and middle classes, are lighted from the ground floors to the garrets; but any *real* splendour or taste in this species of decoration, is no where to be seen: the Portuguese do not seem to have the slightest idea of any superior method of illumination, than plain shabby little lamps, resembling lanthorns.—I must break off my letter, which I will conclude to-morrow.

(Wednesday, July, 4th.) Mr. B. went early to Lisbon this morning, to witness the landing of the King, who has complied with every demand of the New Government;

his first act was to repair at the head of a grand procession to the Madelena Church, to offer up thanks upon his safe arrival: his countenance had a wild and distrustful expression, and he appeared to go through the different parts of the ceremony with mechanical formality; he may really be pardoned for seeming a little bewildered; poor man! he was probably tempted more than once to doubt his own identity! Count Palmella (late ambassador to our court) is among the number of persons suspected and disliked by the present government: some of the royal followers are arrested as state prisoners, and the Count, they say, will be banished from Lisbon. The general opinion seems to be, that the King will make no attempts at resistance for the present, *if ever*; and that he, in fact, could not act otherwise, even if he had the inclination, as the Constitutionals have so completely the reins in their hands, that any opposition on his part would be an act of insanity.

This is certainly a very interesting political moment, even to the most indifferent observer; for it is almost impossible not to be of

opinion, that the revolutions now effected in Spain and Portugal will be followed, sooner or later, by similar and still more eventful changes upon the rest of the continent—I might perhaps say, of the *world*! Adieu.

LETTER VI.

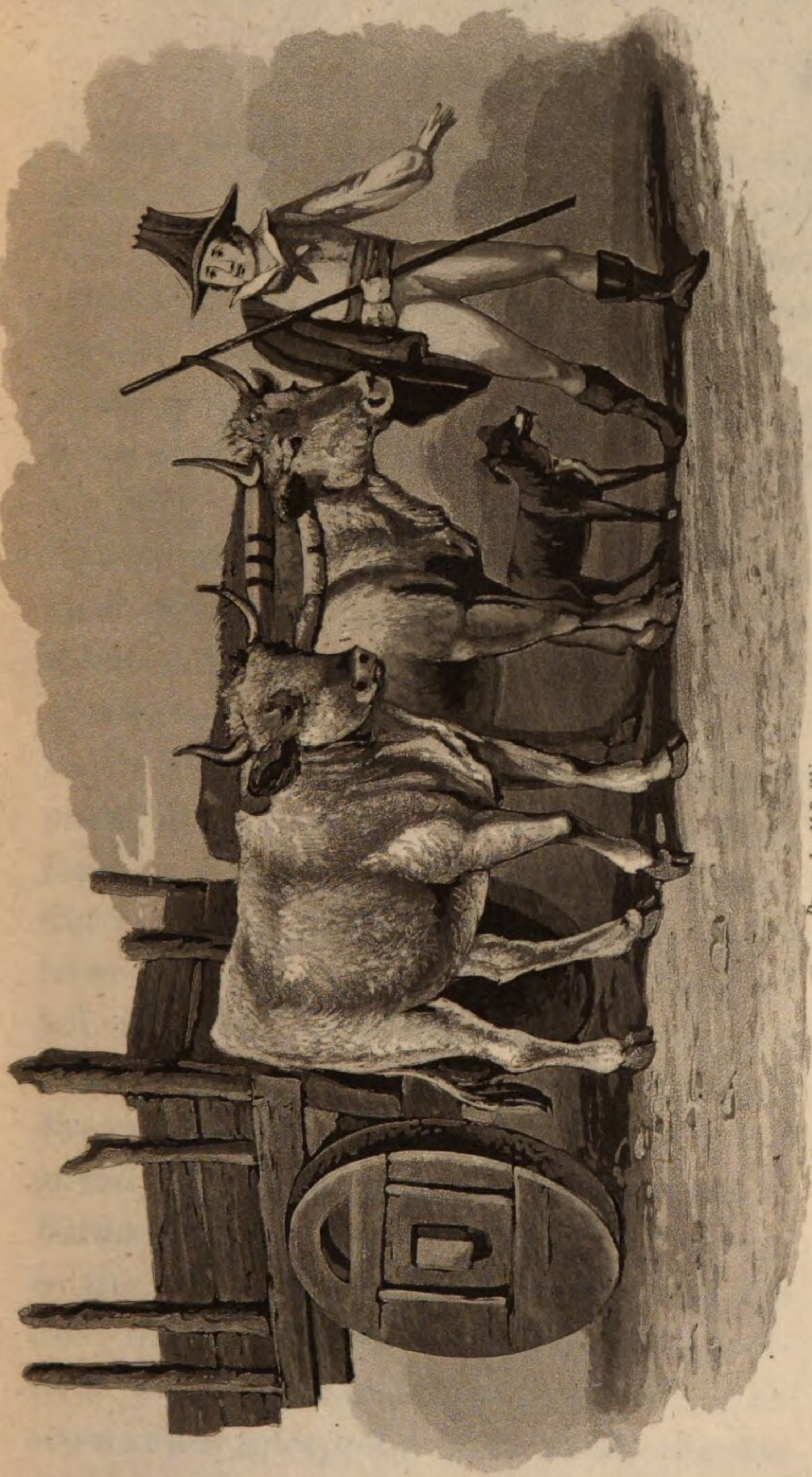
Cintra.—Costa's Hotel, July.

HERE we are at Cintra! But in order that you may *fully* enter into the delightful change of situation and of feeling which we now enjoy, I must carry you once more back to the last morning of our sejour at Buenos Ayres: what would the bright lights of Rembrandt be worth, if deprived of the contrast of their shades? After a sleepless night then, during which the perpetual howling of the dogs in the street, and the dull clang of the bells belonging to innumerable convents or churches, had rendered me more than usually irritable, I beheld with joy the first dawn of the day which was to witness our removal; when the sun arose, I had a strong inclination to get up to admire so magnificent a spectacle; but I was checked by indisposition and indolence, and also sadly recollected, that this bright luminary could *here* shed his flood of glory upon barren rocks and water only!

Here was no “pomp of groves or garniture of fields,” to yield glad incense in return for his smile: dear England! how thy purity, cleanliness, freshness and comfort, rose in painful intensity before me! what a contrast to the actual scene did thy verdant meadows, thy superb oak woods, and thy cool, sedge-crowned rivers then present!—but enough of this.

We now ascended the sége, and were forthwith bolted up, together with sundry boxes and baskets, whose sharp edges every moment pressed painfully against our knees, and which, by the time that we had gone five miles, completely rubbed the skin off our shins:* I must here record, by way of episode, that our heavier leather trunks were sent under the charge of an almocrêve, or carrier, in a rude sort of cart, drawn by oxen, the wheels of which, made of solid blocks of wood, creak and groan (as if in despair at the burthen they carry) in the most discordant and lamentable manner; the

* There is no accommodation for luggage, in these most inconvenient carriages.



Drawn by M. Baillie.

PORTUGUEZE MULETEER.

Published June 1824, by John Murray, London.

drivers would not grease them upon any account, "for the *noise* (they say) keeps off the evil spirits from men and beasts:" our trunks, however, upon arriving at Cintra, had been treated most *diabolically*, for their neat appearance was completely spoiled, they were rubbed into holes, and their contents scarcely saved from consequent injury: a little straw would have obviated this, but the Lusitanian sages (being, I suppose, of the school of Diogenes) never trouble their heads about such frivolous niceties of refinement. Off we drove, descending the steep roughly paved streets of Buenos Ayres, clattering, jangling, shattering, and jolting along, conducted by a gaunt swarthy postilion, in "a loose chamois doublet" and rusty hat; we left the hotel at seven o'clock, and were more than four hours in reaching Cintra, a distance of fifteen miles: the road is rudely paved the whole way, nor is there, as in France, the resource of the narrow "*terre*" by the side of the "*pavé*;" and, even at this early hour, the heat was extremely oppressive: we were accompanied by a friend, who acted as our interpreter on the road, who was

mounted upon a favourite Spanish horse, of rather small proportions, yet extremely handsome: the head quite a model for the sculptor; but the horses of this country are distinguished by a want of roundness in the hind quarter, a narrowness in the contour of the hip, which I am sure Praxitiles would never have pardoned, either in a barb or a beauty. We stopped to refresh the animals, at a casa de pasto (public house), about half way between Lisbon and Cintra; the group of figures collected in the dark miserable kitchen was very striking to an *inexperienced* eye; our host, a round visaged, quick-eyed, greasy wight, bustled out to receive us, as nimbly as his rotundity of form would allow; he was a true specimen of what Cervantes calls "a rascally don peasant, stuffed with garlic," and might have passed for the twin brother of my dear old friend Sancho Panza.* The costume of this worthy may be described in few words; upon his back he had a skirtless *something*, which once

* He, I afterwards discovered, was always designated "Sancho."

had been a jacket; and his loose mud-coloured nether garments were stuffed into a pair of boots, which looked as if they were used as candle-boxes, when not wanted by the wearer; behind him, stood two or three women, among whom was his daughter, considered the belle of the place: she was certainly a very handsome brunette, with a spot like the pomegranate blossom in each of her plump cheeks, and many a senhora of high degree might have envied her the eyes and smile; but the disgusting negligence and dirt of her attire and person, completely destroyed the effect of her beauty. One other member of this company was not the least remarkable among them; a woman in the last stage of lean and withered old age; I believe I have already told you, that advanced life among the lower class of females, *here* seems to assume a ten-fold ghastliness of appearance: this animated mummy stood leaning upon a staff, her sunken eyes fixed on vacancy, and her lips moving without any audible sound, as she slowly counted the beads of an immense black rosary, which

hung from her trembling tan-coloured hand: upon receiving a trifle, she slightly recovered her recollection, and nodding her Sibyl head, (whose thin grey locks were braided as in the days of her youth, and devoid of any other covering than the ordinary handkerchief, which had fallen back,) made the sign of the cross upon her skeleton breast! The inn itself, if inn it could be called, was so dirty and sordid in its outward appearance, that I should as soon have attempted entering the kraal of a Hottentot; and I could certainly have borne many a keen pang of hunger, before I brought myself to taste any viands it might contain, the chief of which would, we are told, invariably consist of coarse salt fish, rancid oil, and garlic. We now proceeded on our route, and at length, after having traversed a barren sandy monotonous tract of country, for the greater part of the way, we began to perceive a slight change for the better; the atmosphere became less oppressively hot, and here and there a few trees refreshed our wearied eyes, while a grand looking mountain, its

highest and most fantastic peak, crowned by a picturesque Convent, rose in proud magnificence before us. A handsome quinta (i. e. country house,) gave an air of refinement to the nearer scene; its white walls starting forward, in full relief, from a background of dark green foliage, formed an agreeable picture; but this verdant retreat appeared nevertheless to stand alone, in the midst of a still bald and arid country, like an emerald set in copper!—The landscape now gradually increased in interest; an ancient mansion belonging to the queen, called Ramalão, appeared on the left, which was by no means devoid of beauty, though somewhat of a quaint and formal order; shortly afterwards we turned suddenly round a corner of the mountain, and then Cintra, that beautiful paradise, burst upon our sight, in all its matchless loveliness and grandeur! How shall I describe this fair, this exquisite spot of earth? my weak powers shrink from the attempt! let me endeavour to give you some idea of the view which greeted my eyes, from the windows of my bed-room,

upon awakening early the morning after our arrival; but this, upon second thoughts, is too much for the *end* of a letter: I will give it you in my next.

LETTER VII.

Cintra, July.

You are to fancy me (as I told you in my last) seated at the window of my apartment, in the hotel at Cintra; the room itself was not devoid of charm to my peculiar feelings, a charm which would not strike every other person, as it arose wholly from *association*; its whitewashed walls, clean boarded floor, and simple old fashioned wooden chairs, reminded me of some which I remembered to have seen in respectable English farmhouses, deep in the bosom of the country, far removed from the luxury and pretension to refinement, which distinguish similar dwellings nearer the *metropolis*: the snowy white dimity bed, and *prim* little toilette table, covered with coarse frilled muslin, delightfully clean, gave an idea of purity, order, and comfort, which was truly refreshing both to the body and to the spirits; particularly when contrasted with the dirt and closeness of most continental sleeping

rooms : but let me open the window, (about which I have kept your imagination so long hovering,) and thus admitting the fresh morning breeze, lose all recollection of past annoyances, in the crowd of agreeable sensations which now throng upon each other. What a gale of fragrance rises from beneath, from all around ! the orange and lemon trees, which here grow to an enormous size, in the rich garden, or rather orchard, below, fling their mingled perfume (from fruit and blossom) to the soft wind, which blows from the ocean, whose blue waters I can distinctly perceive (at a distance of about six miles) sparkling in the sun ; yet it does not appear more than two miles from me, such is the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere ; the scent of lavender and rosemary mix with that of the spicy carnation, which flourishes in antique-shaped earthen pots, or in deep layers of earth, upon the top of the stone walled garden of every quinta. I view beneath the nearer mountains, an universal profusion of fruit trees, at whose feet the wood-strawberry blushes behind her delicate leaves : in the garden of this hotel,

the Alpine sort is cultivated, as well as the white and red raspberry; both fruits are considered in Portugal as luxuries; here and there, I can perceive a small patch of ground, hung high among the surrounding crags of rock, where, carefully shaded from the sun, by hedges of palm, and sedulously watered from the numerous stone cisterns, or fountains, with which every quinta abounds, the lettuce, and other vegetables requiring such aid, are cultivated: a confused yet soothing murmur of falling waters, of wild bees, and of birds, warbling *almost* as sweetly as those in England, (among which the note of the ringdove is pre-eminent,) delights the ear, while a cloudless heaven of summer blue, sheds light, and life, and joy, upon every object! Nothing surely can be more enchanting than such a prospect; and yet a walk of ten minutes from the hotel will afford the lover of the sublime, a still more perfect landscape. I allude to the grounds of the Marialva Palace, or to those of the Pénha Verde Quinta, from whence the superb addition of towering mountain scenery may be enjoyed. I find, however, that *plain*

prose will not suffice, to give any adequate idea of this; take therefore a little effusion in verse, in which I could not refuse myself the *relief* of indulging, upon the second morning of our arrival.

CINTRA.

Dull sleep, begone! I spurn thy poppied crown,
Thy spell Circean, potent though it be;
Hence! seek thy votaries in yon sickly town;
These scenes of life, these breezes pure and free,
Thou nodding Sibyl, were not made for thee!

The glorious sun is ris'n! o'er Cintra's dale,
(Fairer, methinks, than poet's haunted dream,)
He smiles in light, and rends the misty veil
From yonder mountain's brow, whence many a stream,
Dancing in joy, springs forth to catch his beam!

Swift let me climb the crag's romantic height,
And gain the shelter of yon hermit seat;
A bower of bliss, befitting lady bright,
For stern ascetic all too wildly sweet;
Here let me gaze around, and rest my pilgrim feet.

Far overhead, piercing the vaulted sky,
The convent of "Our Lady of the Rock,"*
In calm pre-eminence of majesty,
Rears its grey walls, braving the tempest's shock,
And at the earthquake's terrors seems to mock!

* Nossa Senhora da Pénha.

Yet the convulsions of a changing state,
The storms of *human* ire, may lay thee low !
Perchance at thee, ere long, may stern-eyed fate
Launch her red lightnings, aim the whelming blow,
And give thine humbled sons a deep reverse to know.

Look out, grey Padres ! view the wreck of power,
Mark well the lesson taught by yonder pile ;
The mouldering remnant of the Moorish Tower,*
The turban'd Infidel's strong hold, ere while,
When on this prostrate land he glanced his victor
smile !

From monuments of human pride and woe,
Gladly I turn, pure Nature's charms to greet ;
Heaven ! what a joyous prospect laughs below !
What golden orchards, gardens fair and sweet,
And waving woods, in bright confusion meet !

Where leafy groves in mingled foliage gleam,
The cork-trees spread on high their rugged arms ;
The hoary fathers of the wood they seem,
Protecting the acacia's bending charms,
The trembling ash, and youthful beech from harms !

The walnut there, expands her verdant screen,
Near her, the chestnut rears her graceful head ;
The pensive cypress darkly waves between,
And lofty fir, on mountain summit bred,
Looks down on the pomegranate blushing red !

* O Castello dos Mouros.

Hark to the varied sounds which gradual swell,
Borne on the breeze, they soothe the listening ear;
The ring-dove murmuring in the lonely dell,
The gush of many a fountain, cold and clear,
And bell of climbing goat, or roving muleteer:

While nearer still, the wild-bee's fairy horn
Continual rings around my green retreat,
As from the dewy cups, at early morn,
Of every mountain flower, th' aroma sweet,
She ceaseless culls, to form her winter treat.

List to the sun-bright ocean's distant sound!
Yonder its dark blue waters gently lave
The pebbled shore, which fertile plains surround;
Their yellow harvests undulating wave,
And call the reaper's care, their golden stores to save.

Hard by, the olive and the purple vine,
Their mingled treasures lavishly bestow;
Oh favour'd land! thus corn, and oil, and wine,
Along thy happy vallies ever flow,
And bid man's ravished heart, in grateful warmth to
glow!

What blended fragrance loads the passing gale!
The balmy breath of many an herb and flower;
Incense delicious, rising from the vale,
Where orange groves their fruits and blossoms shower.
And rich carnations bloom in jasmine bower,

Thus do the sights, the sounds, the scents of bliss,
Combine to charm! O earth! how fair thou art!
Had fabled Arcady a vale like this?
Could scenes of Eden deeper touch the heart,
Or through the sense a keener rapture dart?

O work sublime! here best I trace the hand,
Th' almighty hand, which formed the glorious whole;
Can ransomed man with frozen bosom stand,
Nor own thy love, nor bless thy mild controul?

Eternal Saviour! humbly thus I bend!
With prostrate heart, in adoration bow;
How my rapt thoughts on eagle wings ascend
To thy bright throne, where seraphs veil the brow!
Teach me to praise thee! Father, teach me how!

I dare say some of the thoughts, or rather the expressions in these lines, may not be wholly original; the memory is frequently treacherous upon these occasions, leading us to forget that we have drawn our images from her sources, rather than from those of invention; but be this as it may, I wrote the above, almost without a pause, yet found them at the conclusion, quite inadequate to express that mingled rapture of admiration and delight, which filled my mind upon first beholding the scenes to which they allude.

LETTER VIII.

Cintra, July.

EVERY body who arrives here from Lisbon is of course eagerly questioned as to the state of political affairs. The accounts never vary in respect to the quiet and resigned *submission*, if I may so call it, of the King. He has fixed his residence at the palace of Queluz,* which he has ever preferred to that of the Ajuda, on account of its superior gardens. A lady who called upon me this morning, and who has passed twenty years of her life in the country, related an anecdote of the King upon his first arrival at Queluz, strikingly characteristic of that tenaciousness of etiquette, which sufficiently evinces the *real* state of his feelings, however he may continue to repress their more serious ebullition. Entering one of the state apartments, he observed chairs placed

* *Queluz*—This, literally translated, means “what a light!”

there, which is an unusual circumstance ; “ what is all this, what is all this ? ” said he, “ how came these chairs here ? ” To which the attendants replying that they were intended for the use of the Cortes, when they came to pay their duty to his Majesty, he quickly rejoined, “ The Cortes ! take them away instantly ! no person shall ever use a chair in my presence ! ”—All the Royal Family have hitherto been approached on the knee only ; and a Portugeze lady and her daughters, in rather delicate health, complained to me very lately, that it was always so great a fatigue to them to pay a visit to the Queen and Princesses in their own apartments, that they usually went to bed immediately after their return from the royal presence, and this in consequence of their being obliged to remain kneeling the whole time that these high personages chose to prolong the conversation ! When they go abroad, every body, no matter how illustrious their rank, (for the first nobility are looked upon by the King as *his servants*,) are under the necessity of descending from their carriages or horses, and of humbly

saluting them as they pass, to which they seldom return even the slightest inclination of the head; this is an abuse of prerogative, which if it should be henceforward abolished, will not, *cannot* be regretted by the most loyal and attached friends of the monarchy: but how *much* is there still existent which needs reform in every department of the government!

I am as yet ignorant of the existing character of the Portuguese clergy, generally considered; but the following anecdote relative to an individual *padre*, which was related to me by an English gentleman, does not greatly prepossess a protestant in its favour. “A woman in the lower class of society, being oppressed by the weight of some family misfortune, went to one of the churches to pray; she was found by this priest upon her knees, pouring out her supplications to that Almighty Redeemer, who alone is able to save! “Why do you pray to Jesus Christ?” said he: “apply rather to such and such *saints*, for they are so powerful in heaven, that they are able to do every thing for you, and may ask *whatever they*

choose of Jesus Christ, *who dares not refuse them!*" I cannot, however, bring myself to believe this tale! The common people at Lisbon are all much horrified at the idea of *our* priests being allowed to marry; the former minister of the English factory resident there, had for a length of time continued to be greatly respected among them, until they heard that he was upon the point of returning to England, with an intention of being married; then indeed he sunk at once in their estimation, nor were all his virtues able to save his memory from reproach and scandal. Our present clergyman came hither accompanied by his wife, and, for the first few months after her arrival, she could not appear in the streets without being pointed and gazed at, with displeased curiosity by the populace, as "*the English padre's wife.*"

Cintra has been illuminated in honour of the King; the effect of the lights sparkling in the windows of the different quintas, perched high among the mountains, embosomed in dark woods, was singularly beautiful!—beheld by moonlight it is in-

deed a scene of fairy land! such a superb moon I have hardly ever seen as that which at this time looks down upon us! I wonder not at the ancient worship of that "queen of heaven," and this reminds me of it's having been formerly called by the Romans, "the promontory of the moon," the name of Cintra being a corruption of "Cynthia," and the remains of a small temple dedicated to this goddess have been discovered upon the summit of the highest mountain in the neighbourhood. I can never forget the impression which this charming scenery made upon my imagination, when I contemplated it for the first time by this light; the white-walled quintas, rising amid the deep woods I have already mentioned, (whose waving foliage then appeared *black* as the plumes of the gigantic helmet of Otranto,) assumed a pale ghostly effect, which was infinitely striking: the shaded lanes were full of glow-worms, and the fire-flies darted from bough to bough; these last are very lovely delicate insects; the phosphoric matter is confined to the lower part of their slender bodies, and is of a more *rubied* lustre

than that of the glow-worms, which appear to me like living emeralds.

I have been standing every night in the open gallery which runs on the outside of the hotel, and communicates with the sitting rooms, somewhat in the style of the Swiss farm-houses, enjoying the balmy and refreshing air: but I am warned against this practice, however delightful to the feelings, as the neighbourhood of the mountains induces a very heavy fall of dew and vapour at the decline of day. I ought to mention one sublunary circumstance, to which I am shocked at perceiving I am by no means so indifferent, as so romantic an admirer of *unsophisticated* nature ought to be! I allude to the excellent fare which we meet with at this hotel. Good butter, daily fresh from the churn, (Cintra being the only place so near Lisbon where such a luxury is to be procured,) fruits glowing from their parent trees, good cow's milk, and water the purest that ever gushed from its crystal source in the hidden recesses of the mountains, to say nothing of the Vinho do Colares, a delicate

claret-flavoured wine, made at a village of that name, very near this place. The talents of an excellent French cook add to all these comforts not a little. Adieu.

LETTER IX.

Cintra, July.

I CANNOT tell you how much I lament the necessity which has called away Mr. B. from this delightful retreat, and which plunges him once more into Lisbon's fiery furnace! We are, certainly, at a most inconvenient distance from the latter place, and nothing but *health* induces me to remain in a situation which thus divides our establishment, and leaves me so much and so frequently alone, surrounded by strange faces, and obliged, during his absence, to live almost entirely in my own apartments, to avoid the stare of rude curiosity.—This evening we have been riding out upon burinhos, or burricos (*i. e.* donkeys), which are in universal request at Cintra; they are strong handsome animals, very different (generally speaking) from the smaller-sized ragged and stupid asses, common to England; some of them are full of spirit, with regu-

lar paces, and are as sleek and well curried as horses; nor is at all unusual to give ten moidores* a piece for them; we set off at six o'clock, just as the heat of the day was over, accompanied by a friend, carrying the child before him upon his burinho—a dark-eyed sallow boy, and a mongrel cur (the inseparable friend of the latter) were our only attendants. We rode through a rocky defile, overhung with cork trees, than which nothing but our own matchless oaks can be grander; at every step some new beauty in the landscape arose to charm us!—sometimes the sides of the mountains, along which we slowly wound our way, were covered with purple heath and yellow broom (the latter then beginning to shed their golden blossoms), mixed with the feathery fern, and creeping ivy; the fern grows also upon the trunks and branches of the cork trees, forming a singular effect of mingled foliage: at one time we passed green patches of land, kept as great trea-

* A moidore, at the present rate of exchange, is worth about three-and-twenty shillings.

sure for cattle to browse upon, where cows, climbing from steep to steep, were seen, each with a large bell around her neck—at another, our route led us by sparkling fountains of limpid water, “making music” to the ear of the thirsty pilgrim!—during this promenade, we alighted twice;—once at the gates of the Marialva Palace, and once at those of the Pénha Verde (green rock), both of which we entered, and spent some time in walking over part of the romantic grounds of the latter. The Marialva belongs to the marquis of that name, (now banished, on account of his political opinions, from the country,) and is one of the chief lions of Cintra, being the favourite resort of all classes upon the evenings of Sundays or holidays. It is open at all times, and this reminds me of a very amiable feature in the Portuguese character—they always appear delighted to offer the sight or the use of their grounds to others, and receive your wish of exploring them, in the light of a compliment:—this has been confirmed to me by several English residents, and may afford a lesson to many of

our own landed proprietors. The Mari-alva is a fine looking building altogether, and may probably be known in future times from having been the place where the celebrated *Convention* was signed some years since; at least it will be remembered as long as Childe Harold continues to be read!—The gardens are rich, and the prospect the windows command on both sides of the house is magnificent. In spite of what is generally acknowledged to be *good taste*, I could not help being pleased with the contrast to the wild simplicity of the general scene, which a little old fashioned parterre in the front of the mansion afforded: it was laid out in the formal quaint style of our William the Third; and the sight of its straight close-shaven hedges of yew and box, intersected at right angles, together with a prim *jet d'eau* in the centre, transported me in imagination to Hampton Court, and brought those lines of Pope to my remembrance, wherein he speaks of that peculiar mode of planting.—

“Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.”

While I wondered at this coincidence of

taste, among the grandees of Portugal, (for almost *all* the large gardens of the nobility here are laid out in a similar manner,) I was informed that this place, as well as many others, was planned in the days when commerce flourished, the tutelar goddess of the land; and when merchants from *Holland*, in particular, resided and erected *mansions after their own hearts*, in the midst of Cintra's wildest *sérras*;—speaking of *sérras*, I could not resist giving a free rein to my fancy, during the most romantic part of our route; delighting to imagine myself in the heart of the “Sierra della Ronda,” or in “the bowels of the Sable Mountain,” mentioned in the exquisite descriptions of Spanish scenery by Cervantes—methought I could even see Sancho mounted upon Dapple, that “son of his soul,” as he so pathetically calls him, and the gaunt “knight of the woeful countenance” extended at listless length beneath the shade of a hoary cork tree!—a flock of goats, ringing their bells as they descended from a distant height, conducted by some wild looking goat-herds, so increased the illusion,

that I almost expected to behold the frantic Cardenio among them.

I have hardly left myself room to mention the beautiful quinta of the Pénha Verde; so called, from a lofty mountain rising immediately behind it, in the form of a cone, covered to the utmost peak with a luxuriant vegetation, that forms a fine contrast to the bare and craggy rocks which surround it.—This place originally belonged to the celebrated hero, the virtuous Don João de Castro, (once governor-general of India)—and to this peaceful retreat his fond thoughts perpetually recurred, even amid the tumultuous scenes of war, and all the splendours of the oriental world!—The mansion at present is inhabited by another family; it is a good deal dilapidated, and I have heard it hinted that the neglected state of the place has been in a great measure occasioned by the *gaming* propensities of its proprietors; whether this be true or not, I have no means of ascertaining—the prevalence of this destructive pursuit is so universal, that it is a common occurrence for a young man of rank, in two years after

marriage, to find his affairs almost inextricably involved; and this, even where his wife has brought him a large dowry; to extravagance of *other kinds* they are not so prone. The fine woods belonging to Pénha Verde are so umbrageous, and are so eternally refreshed by numerous fountains, that it is possible to wander among them during the most sultry hours of the day, without incurring either heat or fatigue; the grounds are not devoid of the constant appendage to every Portuguese quinta—a sort of terrace, accommodated with seats, and shaded by vines, myrtles, or other light foliage, raised upon the wall which overlooks the public road. *Here* the sênhoras delight to sit, often in full dress, amusing themselves with what *we* should be inclined to call the *vulgar* occupation of watching for the appearance of any chance passengers or equipages; in the indulgence of this taste, (which is common, I believe, to most uneducated or idle persons in *all* places,) they often consume the principal portion of their time; and they are reported to be remarkably satirical in their comments upon those persons who

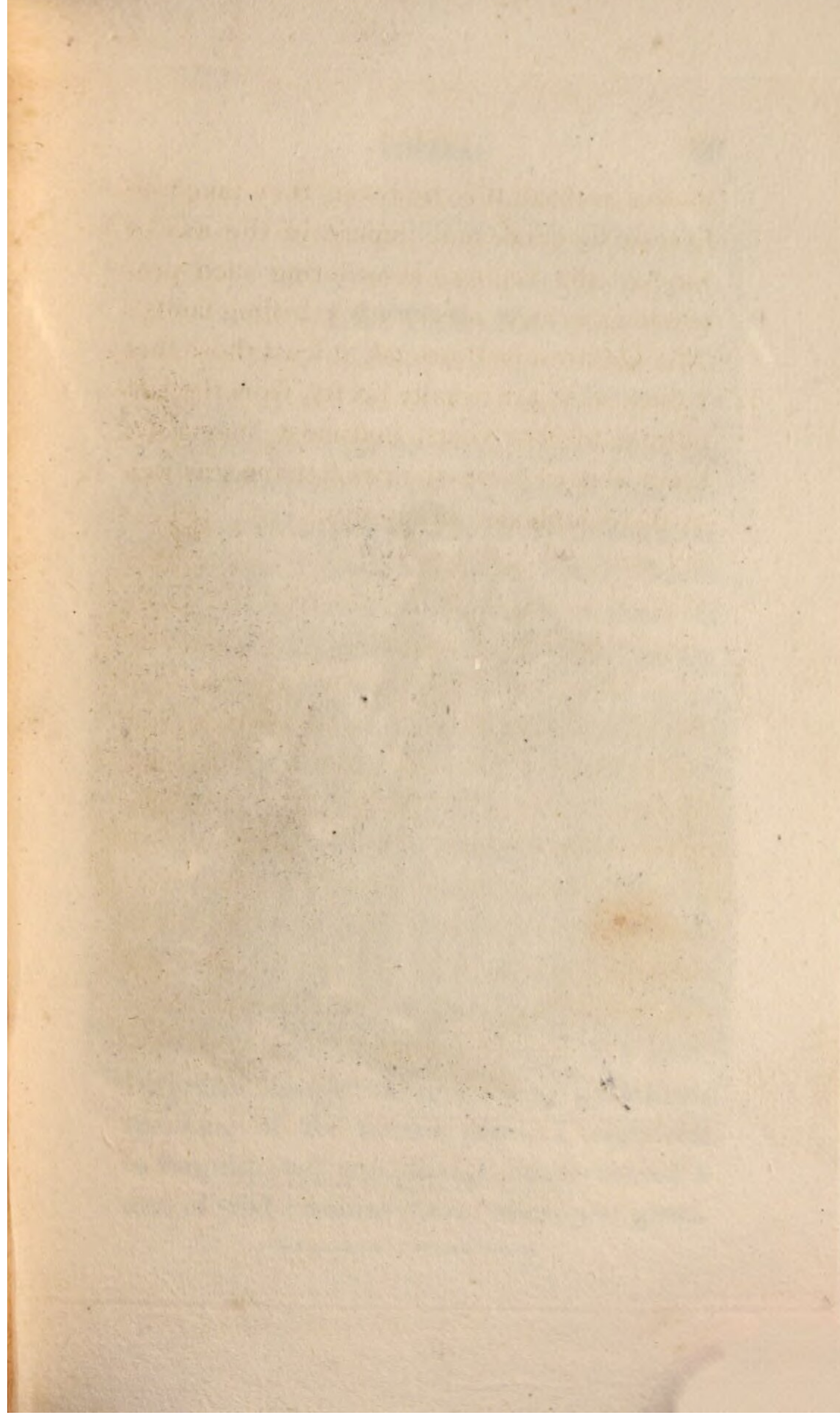
happen to pass. On our return, we met a family of peasants, consisting of an old but hale cheerful looking grandmother, her two daughters, and their children; they were an interesting and picturesque group: the infants soft skinned, dimpled, and dark-eyed: and the young mothers really pretty: they were all drest in the red petticoat and loose linen jacket of the country, and actually appeared *clean*; but they were not so gay as a village coquette whom I met a day or two since, riding (as is customary here, completely sideways) upon her burinho; her jacket was laced in front with narrow gay coloured ribbands, and she wore fine thread stockings worked like lace, and silk slippers embroidered with gold. The Portuguese have an amiable custom of saluting every stranger who passes them either in walking or riding—the upper classes bow courteously, and the lower generally exclaim “Viva!” which kind wish is often accompanied by a bright and friendly smile; this is beginning to decline, however, in the near neighbourhood of the metropolis. The peasantry seem remarkably civil in their manner

to those above them, without any exhibition of crouching servility; a muleteer, an almo-creve, or a postilion who happens to meet you in a narrow pass, will almost always take care to annoy you as little as possible; still, I am sorry to add, that in Lisbon, they behave by no means so well. The women now and then ran out of their cottages after us, making friendly signs, and beckoning with the two middle fingers, in a manner peculiar to *all* the Portugueze of whatever rank; this action simply means to express "How do you do?" some among them know as much English as to *exclaim* "How do do?" of which acquirement they appear very proud. My little boy excites much good will from all he passes upon the road; they call out, "Bonito, muito bonito," (pretty, very pretty!) and frequently attempt to caress him; indeed, I have once or twice been obliged to prevent them from taking him up before them upon their burinhos, as they ride to market. Three or four ancient beggars, clad in weeds of every variety of colour, and with long pastoral staves in their hands, usually spend their time, basking in the

sun, upon a low stone wall in front of our hotel; when I mounted my burinho this morning, my boy remained for a few minutes in the house, not being quite ready to join me; upon which these hoary sires inquired, with much appearance of disappointment, “where the little one was?”—I have met with few beggars in this neighbourhood, and those have never been troublesome or importunate; in Lisbon, however, they swarm about the door of every shop, watching the coming out of the purchaser, whom they have followed thither for the purpose of ascertaining that he has furnished himself with small change; they then assail him like mosquitos or hornets, and are hardly to be repulsed till they have obtained what they request. The manners of women toward each other, are remarkably *caressante*; the servant-girl of the hotel at Buenos Ayres kissed my maid upon our first arrival, as a matter of course, and the abigail of a senhora now staying at Cintra, in the same house with ourselves, never meets her that she does not take hold of both her hands, repeatedly kissing her upon

the cheek. The laundress we employ is a Moor; her dark skin and rolling eyes have a striking effect, half veiled in the ample white handkerchief which she has adopted in compliance with the native women in her class: upon being first introduced to me as her employer, I was in bed, and she gravely walked up to me, bowing in a courteous manner, and kissed my hand, saying, in good English, that she should take pleasure in serving my family; this custom is universal: all the servants of the house kiss the hand of the patrona (mistress), after every little absence on either side; and children, in some families, do the same to their parents, even upon quitting them for half an hour, repeating the same ceremony upon their return; there is a sort of patriarchal simplicity and cordiality in this, which is very attaching. The general honesty of the inhabitants of Cintra deserves mention; we are assured by persons who have resided forty years here, that an instance of house-breaking has not been known among them, and the inhabitants of the surrounding quintas hardly think it necessary to fasten their doors at

night; with all this, however, they take free license to cheat and impose in the way of buying and selling; considering such proceedings as mere *peccadinhos* (trifling faults). The children in Portugal, at least those that I have seen, are usually pretty, from the age of one to four years, and most among the lower classes have the countenance, as well as the complexion of gipseys.





Drawn by M. Baillie.

PORTUGUEZE PEASANTS.

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LETTER X.

Cintra, July.

I DELIGHT in the peasantry here; they are really a fine race of people, and if I understood their language sufficiently to converse with them, I have no doubt but I should think them almost as engaging as those of France. I must not forget to mention my daily attendant in all my rides, a lad about twelve or thirteen; poor fellow! nothing can exceed his readiness to oblige and amuse me by every little method in his power; pointing out, with a faithful accuracy of taste, which I should think must in him be *intuitive*, the finest views and the most picturesque objects; stopping frequently on a sudden to make me observe a larger cork-tree than usual, a prettier quinta, or a more luxuriant hedge of myrtle or geranium: speaking of the former plant, I ought not to forget to tell you, that I have crossed a sort of wild common here, where the great-

est variety of purple heaths bloomed in the midst of an underwood, composed wholly of myrtle bushes, and delicate arbutus trees, in full flower and perfume!—My little guide (to return to my first subject), however civil and good tempered, is always secretly delighted when he has played me any *trick*; the last time I went out, he struck into a narrow path, which wound along the steep side of a wooded mountain, surrounded by craggy precipices, from which it was vain to attempt any retreat; enjoying my glances of surprise and dismay, as the burinho, doubling his hind legs underneath his body, *slid* down the abrupt descents, and bursting into an irrepressible shout of mirth, as the animal plunged with me into a shallow ford at the bottom, through which, nevertheless, it carried me with ease and safety; but this ridiculous imp amused me so much, that I forgot half my terrors; grinning till I could have numbered every one of his white teeth, he vaulted from crag to crag, with admirable agility; dashing on,

“Through mud, through mire,
Over bush and over briar,”

and never losing sight of my countenance, which he watched with all the roguish malice of a will-o'-the-wisp, or a "goblin page:" at the termination of the adventure, which carried us at least seven or eight miles from home, this brat did not appear in the least fatigued, but came running up to assist me in dismounting, biting his lips to prevent laughing, and evidently full of triumph at the joke he had ventured, yet endeavouring to assume a face of gravity and officious respect, as he inquired, "at what hour the senhora chose to employ him the next day?"

Count F. and Baron d'O., the Prussian minister and secretary of legation at the court of the Brazils, lately arrived in this country, have been passing a few days at the hotel here, and were indefatigable in *lionizing*; they are the most agreeable persons we have met with, since we entered Portugal; and as Mr. B. is now returned from Lisbon, I have been able to join their society at dinner every day. An anecdote which they told us, relative to a fair *penitent* of the Roman Catholic persuasion, which

occurred while they were at Rio Janeiro, is too ludicrous to be omitted in this letter: I think it will amuse you as much as it has done ourselves.

A reverend father confessor was one day gravely seated in his confessional, listening to the peccadinhos of a poor negress, whose chief failing was that of drunkenness: the confessor, as she was rather *prolix* in her acknowledgments, took the opportunity of going very comfortably to sleep, secure in his snug retreat of not being observed by any prying or profane eye; the negress, having finished what she had to say, waited a considerable time in expectation of receiving absolution; but finding that the holy father remained silent, concluded that he was too much shocked at her enormities to speak, and, with a deep sigh, she quietly withdrew from the grate, and went out of the church. At the same moment, the Senhora (somebody), the young and handsome wife of one of the richest merchants in the country, arrived, took possession of the vacant space, and began to confess *her* sins to the same worthy auditor: she had

hardly begun, when the latter, suddenly awakening from his nap, and concluding the negress to be still at the grate, commenced, in *his* turn, a severe reprimand upon the subject of her drunken propensities: nothing could equal the indignation of the Senhora; conceiving herself to be the person really addressed, she launched forth in the most furious manner; venting her wrath at what she called the “infamous calumnies” of the priest, in language too gross to repeat.

We are more and more amazed, the longer we remain in this country, at that ignorance, or, at best, that *superficial* knowledge of the commonest arts which exist among the Portuguese; a carpenter here is the awkwardest and most clumsy artizan that can be imagined, spoiling every work he attempts; the way in which the doors and other woodwork belonging even to good houses are finished, would really have suited the rudest ages! Their carriages of all kinds (more particularly their waggons and carts), their agricultural implements and management, their cutlery, locks and keys, &c., are *ludi-*

crously bad. Their soil, rich and fertile, their climate so favourable to the growth of almost all vegetation, seems, in a great measure, to be lost upon them; and, in short (if I am to judge by the little I have seen, and to credit entirely what others tell me), the state of society, and the progress of civilization in all classes, are so infinitely below par, so strikingly inferior to the rest of Europe, as to form a sort of disgraceful wonder in the midst of the nineteenth century. What can be the reason of this peculiarity? There are not wanting persons who decidedly account for it upon the score of an extraordinary self-conceit, similar to that of the Chinese nation, than which, nothing can be a more sure bar to improvement: I would fain hope this judgment is too severe.

LETTER XI.

Cintra, July.

WE have this evening been to see the quinta of "Montserrat," by far the most picturesque place in this neighbourhood; it comprises every beauty and sublimity which Cintra has to boast, being situated upon very elevated ground, in the bosom of a wood of cork-trees, surrounded by orange-trees, and rocky fountains; hemmed in on three sides by mountains, (among which are those crowned by the Penha convent, and the Moorish castle,) and open on the other to the level champaign country, rich in vineyards and corn-fields, which stretches out for about six miles, when it is bounded by the sea. The mansion itself had a singular charm for me, delighting, as I have ever done, in those which call up images of romantic association; it was originally built by a rich Englishman,* in the style of our own villas, and was in consequence distinguished by an elegance of taste, a refinement

* Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill.

of decoration, and a lightness and beauty of architecture, which are peculiar to buildings of this sort in England; *here* such a structure really appears as if raised by fairy hands; so far does it excel the ill-contrived and tawdry style, to which the natives of this country are generally accustomed:—but, alas! how has this enchanted spot been neglected! and how has the beautiful house been suffered to fall to decay! now become the property of a Portugueze family, they have evinced the most deplorable want of taste and feeling in regard to it, for at this moment it is completely a ruin—a fit residence only for the bat and the owl, or to serve as a casual shelter for the wandering goatherd and his shaggy flock, at those times when the wind is not high enough to blow down the shattered roof upon their heads. I never beheld so striking an image of desolate loveliness; and could have passed hours here in the indulgence of a reverie, mournful, yet fraught with a nameless charm that can only be comprehended by the veritable children of romance. Some of the carved doors of the best apartments (brought, at a great expense, from England), were still

perfect, and some remains of the superb plates of glass in the light French windows were yet spared by the fury of the wintry storms which often rage with great violence among the surrounding mountains and woods; the hall (of Grecian elegance) once opened upon a sloping lawn of verdant turf, studded with rare shrubs and flower-beds; it has now been ploughed up, but I could still discover traces of its former designation; a splendid music-room, built in the form of a rotunda, the roof rising in a fine dome, to a considerable height, made the greatest impression upon my feelings; I tried my voice there, and was startled at the sound, which, as it died away, seemed to scare the long sleeping echoes of the place. Montserrat indeed is well calculated to afford a lesson of philosophy to every being who has *learnt to think*; here, in the days of its splendour, its original proprietor retired, to enjoy the luxuries of almost boundless wealth, and called around him the sons and daughters of prosperity, to enliven the retreats of a hitherto solitary Eden; *now*, what a change, and what a contrast!

As the national character* of the Portuguese gradually unfolds itself to our observation, we sometimes smile, but more frequently sigh with a feeling of deeper and more serious import: from all we have been able to gather, to hear, and to remark, nothing can be more deplorable than the state of morality, civil polity, and religion (generally considered), in which they have hitherto remained: and there has not yet been time for any great or radical improvement, since the accession of a more liberal form of government: with respect to religion, however, I shall not mention much which I have been told concerning it; for, being myself a Protestant, I may be suspected of prejudice in judging of an opposite persuasion.

Justice is said to be too frequently bought and sold; indeed, it is not to be expected, that, having an "itching palm," she should hold the sword with a firm and steady grasp. Many horrid crimes,—murder, one of the

* It is a thousand pities that the quickness and brilliancy of intellect which nature has bestowed upon the Portuguese of both sexes, should be counteracted, or rendered of little avail, by the peculiarities of their government. Considering the national character in this point of view, censure melts into regret.

most venial among them,—are frequently committed, almost with impunity; nor are the perpetrators banished from general society! A man has just assassinated his wife, under circumstances of the most aggravated cruelty, and in cold blood, after long and mature deliberation; he had several children by the unfortunate woman, and he committed the savage act, almost before their eyes! she was not guiltless in her conduct, but he had ever afforded her an example of licentiousness and infidelity: after having been convicted upon the clearest evidence, he is only punished by imprisonment at present, nor is it thought probable that he will ever be brought to actual execution.*

All Roman Catholic countries observe the Sunday in a manner which, to an English eye, does not appear exactly the most appropriate to the sacred character of the day: but in Portugal, I think they seem to pay still less reverence to it, than in any other! I cannot forbear the relation of the following circumstance, which may be offered as my best excuse for this severity of opinion.

* He was liberated before we left Lisbon.

The day before yesterday, I went into a church here, to witness the celebration of mass on Sunday morning; the service itself did not last above half an hour, and there was but one officiating priest, who muttered it over in so hurried and indistinct a manner, that it would have been impossible for even the *learned* to have understood or followed him! He gave the sacrament to one communicant, and as soon as the ceremony was over, he wiped out the cup, and then set himself (in view of every person present) busily to work, rubbing and polishing its outside surface, with a cloth, exactly with the air of a butler who was particularly tenacious of the lustre of his sideboard. There was no sermon; and although the gallery was provided with an organ, we heard not a note of music. The high altar, with all its ornaments, was *covered up*, and the service performed before another very shabby little one, in the side of the church. Upon inquiring *why* all this had occurred? I was answered, with much composure, "that it was troublesome to uncover and dress out the high altar *merely for Sunday*, or to have

music; but that on some *Saints'* days, both were to be seen and heard in great splendour and perfection."

We dined lately at the quinta of an American merchant here, a very rich individual, who has resided many years in Portugal. At this house we met several foreigners, and were introduced to a Portuguese family, who were accompanied by their two young children. I was assured, that it is generally the custom to bring them to balls, parties, &c. at the most tender age; by which means, late hours are inevitably induced, and these (joined to the want of exercise peculiar to the inhabitants of Lisbon) render the little beings invariably delicate, and frequently unhealthy!

In the course of the evening we went to view the *interior* of the Marialva, which is, in fact, no palace properly so called, but a large country mansion, which has hitherto been preserved in tolerably good repair. As we wandered through the spacious apartments, where now and then a piece of neat English furniture contrasted advantageously with the general foreign style of decoration, we were struck by the superiority of the

manner in which the walls of every room were painted in fresco. This is the only thing in which I think the Portuguese taste better than our own,—the delicacy and beauty of the colouring, and the variety of the designs, (the latter copied from antique patterns, chiefly of flowers,) were far preferable to the most elaborate French papers; and although Italian artists are sometimes employed, the Portuguese themselves are very happy in the execution of this style of decoration, which is nearly universal both in Lisbon and in the country.

I observe not unfrequently, a black cross, of rude workmanship, erected in different parts of the neighbourhood, and am told, that such is the signal that either a murder has been committed, or some fatal accident has happened upon that particular spot. A symbol of this melancholy nature is more than usually conspicuous in one of the wildest and most beautiful places in the vicinity, and forms an object of romantic pilgrimage to almost all strangers; it is planted above a mossy bank of earth, called “The Lover’s Grave,” where, in effect, the bodies of three

unfortunates are buried, whose sad story, in spite of the long lapse of time since the event occurred, is yet fresh in the memory of every village maiden. It is soon told:—
“ Two youthful brothers once happily lived amid the sylvan shades which now resound with lamentations for their untimely deaths. They were each brave and beautiful; and their fraternal affection was the theme of every tongue. The elder formed an attachment to a lovely girl, whose family, if I recollect aright, were somewhat averse to their union. In a moment of more than ordinary vexation, she appointed the younger brother to meet her in a certain woody glen, in order to consult with him upon the means of surmounting the difficulties in which she found herself involved, upon account of her constant attachment to the elder, whose more fiery temperament was less calculated to reason dispassionately and with due prudence, upon so touching a subject! They met—the youth suggested a plan which appeared to the fair and animated creature so admirably suited to effect her wishes, that she embraced him in all the warmth of

sisterly gratitude. Alas! the impetuous lover had beheld, from a distance, and in the gloom of twilight, his mistress in the arms of—a *stranger*, as he unfortunately imagined; maddened by jealousy, he rushed forward, and plunged his dagger in the heart of his brother! The mistake was explained in a moment, and the unhappy youth completed the tragedy by stabbing himself upon the body of his guiltless victim. The lady survived not long, and they were all interred beneath the same ensanguined turf!" I will not vouch for the accuracy of every particular of this tale of woe; but the outlines at least are correct, and I leave it to your own imagination to fill them up in the manner you like best.

Adieu.

LETTER XII.

Cintra, July 30th.

I HAVE as yet, had no opportunity of forming any individual judgment, respecting the modes and morals of the higher classes of society; and the answers I receive upon *inquiry* into these circumstances, are so unfavourable, that I feel considerable reluctance to believe the half of what I hear! It is an undoubted truth however, that the decency and decorum of *outward appearances* are always sedulously preserved; much more so than in our own country, and this from the highest to the lowest orders of people. Even in the worst haunts of Lisbon, little *external* mark of depravity, or even impropriety, is ever visible; what are we to think of this peculiar feature in the national character? for my own part, although I fear that it evinces a great proficiency in the art of deception, I am of opinion, that it is preferable to a more open display of immorality; and

it certainly illustrates the truth of the well known axiom, "that hypocrisy is the involuntary homage which vice pays to virtue." Perhaps some moralists might be startled at this decision; and I allow that it may be combated, without any degree of illiberality or injustice. Doubtless it is far better "*to be what we seem,*" yet I cannot but think many really excellent persons amongst *us* might borrow a useful hint, from the fair exterior of the Portugueze, and they would do well to remember, in the midst of their overstrained sincerity, that by the needless harshness of outward manners, virtue herself may be rendered unlovely; an amiable and truly exemplary author, who is now no more, has well observed upon this subject, "that it is high treason against religion and morality, to be good and disagreeable!"

Street robbery is almost as common in Lisbon as in London, but there is this fatal difference, peculiar to the Portugueze delinquent; "he hardly ever robs, without *assassination.*" Dishonesty and petty theft flourish here in as rank luxuriance as can well be imagined; nor can confidence be

placed in any persons so surely, as in the humble hardworking sort of voluntary slaves, called "gallegos," who hire out their strength and activity to the more indolent natives. The rude honesty of these Spaniards may (it is universally asserted) be trusted with untold gold; they resemble in many of their habits and offices, the Cawdies of Edinburgh, and the Lazzaroni of Naples. I forget whether I have already mentioned to you, that they come over in immense bodies, from the province of Galicia in Spain; live on their journey here upon the charitable daily dole of the convents, and, carefully hoarding the money which they obtain for their hard-earned services, return when they have made a certain sum, to their own country, to spend their latter years in the bosom of their families: most of them are remarkably athletic, and I have observed that the younger among them, are sometimes extremely fine men.

Having recovered from a transient attack of rheumatism, which I am told is one of the

drawbacks to enjoyment, *peculiar* to the humid climate of Cintra, I went at a very early hour this morning, to drink the cool water of a fountain, (said to be slightly impregnated with iron,) in the beautiful gardens of a quinta hard by, where the chestnut and young cork trees grow so thickly, as to form an impervious shade, even during the hottest hours of the day. Here I spent half an hour, listening to the cool gushing sound of the fountain, and the soft monotonous note of the wood pigeon, which builds among these quiet haunts. I was soon joined by a companion, who had passed many years in Portugal, and she gave me the history of the owner of the quinta, which was not uninteresting. He is a very young man, but has been for some years a husband and a father, having married (according to the national custom) in boyhood, a girl of thirteen or fourteen, who is said to have united a premature perfection of person, to a disposition wild, thoughtless, and uncontrouled, beyond all belief; spoiled by early adulation, she had no idea—no care, unconnected with either her beauty or her amusement:

at length, jealousy, on the part of the youthful husband, (although vague and devoid of any definite object,) arose to complete his uneasiness, and, in a moment of irritation, he suddenly shut her up in one of those religious houses, which in this country are appropriated to the reception of separated wives who have given cause of scandal to society. Such power has the Romish church hitherto allowed to husbands in general! In these melancholy retreats, though bound by no vow or profession, these unfortunate women are condemned to remain, until set at liberty by the relenting feelings of their husbands, or (what is often far more welcome) by their *deaths*. In this durance, the fair lady of the quinta still resides, while her lord continues to lead a solitary and listless life, untouched as yet by compassion for her fate: he is frequently encountered wandering amid these shades, looking (doubtless) extremely “sentimental, melancholy and gentlemanlike.” I forgot to ask my informant, whether these penitential prisons were likely to be suppressed by the Constitutional government; but I learnt another

piece of intelligence, at which I could not but heartily rejoice, "that the different orders of nuns and friars were henceforward to be abolished; that the communities at present in existence were to be allowed to die a natural death, while all attempts at future revival would be punished with severity." This appears to be one of the most wholesome of the new regulations; yet I ought not to forget the final destruction of the Inquisition, which the present ministers have effected. The infernal dominion of this institution has been declining for a considerable period of time; and most persons have allowed themselves to imagine, that its worst atrocities had come to a conclusion, long previous to the recent Revolution; but in this supposition, I was assured that they had been greatly mistaken; for only a few months have elapsed, since several instances of the most detestible cruelty and injustice are said to have been brought to light, which but too plainly evinced, that the original character of the inquisition was by no means changed.

I have lately heard several anecdotes of

the past enormities of the priesthood in general, (and relating more particularly to the members of a certain rich and noble convent,) which I shall not repeat; they may or may not be true, but at all events it is painful to contemplate human nature in such fearful colours as those to which they allude: *one* however, of a milder character, I will relate to you; for its simplicity well delineates the state of opinion among the common people, in respect to subjects connected with religion. An English lady (herself a liberal, though sincere Roman Catholic) had of late attempted to *reason* with some of the peasantry (whose milder dispositions allowed her to venture upon doing so, without risk of their resentment), and to point out to them the absurdity of their prayers when addressed to *saints*—(to have told them that such a practice was in reality *forbidden* by the Apostles in the Gospel, would have been fruitless; because the Scriptures, entire and unadulterated, are for ever concealed from their perusal, by the priests of their peculiar church!)—one of these rustics, in reply, expressed the uni-

versal sentiment prevalent among them, “ It is proper and right, (said he,) to apply to the saints, when we want any thing; they are in favour with God, and can (if they are pleased with our offerings) obtain for us every good gift. With regard to addressing ourselves to God himself, that would be a very *unwise* method of proceeding; would any prudent person present a request to the king, when he knows that his ear is open only to the persuasions and representations of the fidalgos who surround him? now the saints are *God’s* fidalgos, and therefore we pray to *them*.” What a blind and unworthy idea of the attributes of our Great Creator, must these poor people entertain! but we should not condemn them too severely; for the above instance proves, that at least the sin of *Pharisaical presumption* (too common with some Protestants) is not imputable to them! There is another superstition also, which deserves mention, relative to the *host*; when this sacred emblem is sent for, upon the summons of a sick person, divers prognostics are always formed, from the number of persons who voluntarily follow the pro-

cession to the door of the penitent ; if *many*, the person will recover ; if a *few*, his illness will be of a very dangerous nature : but when the attendant priests *only* are seen, unaccompanied by any lay spectators, the event, it is infallibly pronounced, will be *fatal* ! How horrible is the custom which universally prevails here, of suffering the street door to remain open, to the intrusion of every rude and careless observer ; when beggars and children have frequently been known to penetrate unchidden, into the very chamber of the dying person, where they are allowed to stare upon the agonies of the sufferer, and to disturb the sacred grief of the surviving relatives ! Adieu.

LETTER XIII.

Cintra, August 3d.

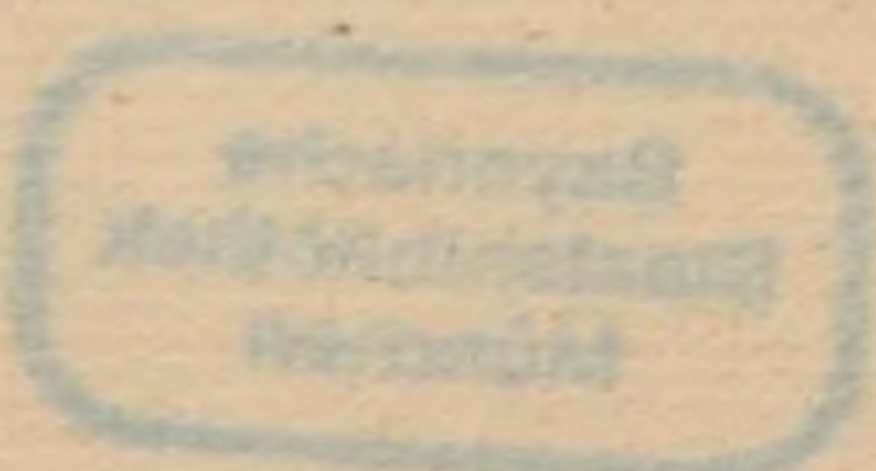
THE Portuguese government has hitherto been generally censured for an excess of bigotry, unknown among other continental nations. I am inclined however to think, it is not worse than what *now* exists among the French, (if we judge from the conduct pursued by the latter towards Protestants, even as lately as during the years 1815 and 1816, in the south of France, mentioned by Mr. Wilks); nor am I without a strong hope, that the sentiment is here beginning very rapidly to wear away, among *all* classes of people. Individual instances to the contrary are at the same time frequently to be met with; I myself heard the pope's nuncio, at present in the neighbourhood of this place, very rigorously and bitterly spoken of, as a faithless recreant to his holy profession and office, merely because he was casually met tranquilly walking in the cool

of the evening, among these beautiful scenes of romantic nature, in the society of an English married lady of a certain age, whose reputation for propriety of conduct in every respect stood particularly high; and this too, when there were one or two more persons in company! It was stated, by his censors, that it was against the rules of his church, to mingle in the society of females. Another instance of a similar contraction of mind, I cannot help mentioning; it has in the latter case so completely silenced the soft voice of pleading humanity, as to induce a family of the Romish religion, now resident in Portugal, still to regard with feelings of unmingled abhorrence the venial trespass of a young girl, who, about twenty years since, committed in their eyes an *inexpiable* crime against Heaven, in flying from a convent where she had been detained *against her inclinations!* A circumstance of a most horrible nature, which occurred during her confinement in that place, so greatly increased her inherent dislike of a conventual life, that she refused at the end of her probation to assume the final veil: her rela-

tions however, were inexorable, and, in the extremity of her distress, she made a confidant of her married sister, whose liberal ideas of true religion had induced her to unite her fate to that of an English protestant, and who, in consequence of this union, had lost in a great degree the affection and countenance of her family. This friendly and compassionate couple concerted the mode of their youthful sister's escape; a lady, who was going to England, was admitted to a participation of the secret, and she kindly undertook to carry her off in her own suite, under the disguise of a servant, the captain of the vessel having previously agreed to favour her evasion by receiving her on board; but alas! when the moment of active exertion arrived, and the trembling victim claimed his services, coming in an open boat to the ship's side, he allowed his fears of the Inquisition to get the better of his honour, and had actually the inhumanity to refuse her admittance; but the gallant conduct of the officers belonging to another English ship made amends for this cruel disappointment: one of them

came on shore the same evening, and calling upon the married sister, remarked the agitation of her spirits; she entrusted the secret to his compassionate ear, and he, with the gallant ardour peculiar to an Englishman, at once undertook to carry the fugitive safely to England, and to deliver her as soon as possible into the care of the lady to whom I have already alluded: in fact, so energetic and prompt were his measures, that the first object which the anxious sister beheld the next morning, upon rising, was the ship, with its full sails spread, and the well known colours of England floating in the breeze, having already gained the farthest extremity of the Tagus, bearing rapidly away from the shores of Portugal! She seized a telescope, and after a short period of harrowing suspense, had the happiness of beholding it *pass the bar*, where launching out into the free ocean, it was soon beyond the reach of suspicion or pursuit! The whole affair was managed with singular prudence and address, for no distrust subsequently attached to the contrivers of the escape; had this been otherwise, they would inevitably have

fallen victims to the resentment of the Inquisition: the fugitive arrived safely in that generous country, so often the refuge of the persecuted and afflicted, and was afterwards happily married to a man of good fortune. The circumstance at which I hinted in the commencement of this story, which so much aggravated the horror of the young novice, would form a fit subject for a melancholy romance. A lady, not many years older than herself, with whom she had contracted a passionate friendship, had been compelled by the intrigues of her relations, to break off a marriage with a deserving object to whom she was deeply attached, and to take the veil in the same convent. The means adopted, to effect this sacrifice, were fabricated accounts of the infidelity of the lover; she had scarcely pronounced the extorted vow, ere the young man found means to convince her of the falsehood of all which had been alleged against him; and the lady, after infinite combats, between affection for her lover and dread of discovery, at length formed the desperate resolution of escaping with him



from the convent, intending, should their plan succeed, to fly to some happier and more liberal country, where they might be united. Alas! she was discovered, and condemned to be inclosed between two walls, in the same manner with *Constance* in the poem of *Marmion*, there to endure a lingering and miserable death by inanition!—While her previous trial was still going on, which lasted for several weeks, she was immured in a cell, situated in a remote part of the convent; her more fortunate young friend had at this time nearly finished her noviciate; she had been attacked with an indisposition which confined her to her own cell, during the performance of this tragedy, and upon inquiring after her recovery for the senhora, was told by the superior that she had suddenly expired. Some days afterwards, in the height of her regret, as she was accidentally passing the before mentioned cell of despair, she was startled by a faint groan; it burst from the overcharged bosom of the person she so fondly lamented! She knew the voice, and in a moment, was made acquainted with the whole of her

companion's sad story. From that evening, she contrived (by means too tedious to relate) to effect frequent meetings, and here the unhappy friends used to pass many an undiscovered moment of melancholy conversation. "Adieu, my dear Flora," said the captive, one night, upon taking leave of her companion in misfortune at the usual hour, "I fear we shall never meet again! I have a presentiment that I speak to you for the last time." The event too fatally justified her mysterious words; for upon her cell being opened the following morning, she was found lifeless, drowned in her own blood, having destroyed herself in an access of despair. It is dreadful to think of the abuse of power which has until now existed in this church. Formerly, whole families of younger children were perpetually sacrificed, and compelled to wear out their lives in the austere seclusion of a cloister, merely to aggrandize the elder son; and I am assured that it has repeatedly happened, that Portuguese youths, thus persecuted, have no sooner taken the forced vows required of them, than they have once more knelt,

before the same profaned altar, for the purpose of swearing (in secret) to take the most horrible methods of revenge upon their tyrants, even though the latter were the authors of their existence! Revenge has long been asserted by universal report, to be a leading feature in the character of this people; another, is said to be the sudden and extreme irascibility of their temper, upon comparatively slight provocation; the latter appears, from all we have been able to gather, to be wearing away; but the former still continues to manifest itself in the basest and most cowardly manner.— There is a village on the shores of the Tagus, near Lisbon, consisting of rude huts, inhabited solely by the families of fishermen, where both qualities are sometimes carried to a tremendous excess. These people are represented to us, as being almost in a savage state: they keep themselves distinct from all other classes, and in consequence of their hardy active mode of life, the bracing influence of the sea air, and the effect of better food than is usually enjoyed by the peasantry, (as they always get good bread and

fresh fish,) are a remarkably athletic fine race. Their mud-walled huts, covered with reeds, or straw, (somewhat resembling those of the lower Irish,) are built upon heaps of sand and shingle, and washed by a surge, which frequently dashes against the rocky shore with the most awful grandeur and angry force. It is accounted rather hazardous to visit this colony, the inhabitants being so easily offended: and when one of them only is provoked, it is usual for the whole community to rush out to his assistance, and to support his cause, (whether just or otherwise,) by the powerful eloquence of clubs and stones. Their children are remarkably handsome, generally speaking, and wilder than the free-born winds and waves! The parents themselves are often fine models of fierce beauty and strength; I have seen a family of them, who formed the most picturesque group I ever beheld: the husband, bronzed by his frequent buffeting against sun and storm, had regular, *well chiselled* features, teeth white as snow, dark flashing eyes, deepset, and shaded by a heavy fall of shadowy lashes, and marked brows, whose

expression was that of determined hardihood and independence of spirit: his hair, of the deepest shade of sunny brown, played round his face, and fell in long thick ringlets upon his shoulders. The wife rose rather above the middle height of women; her figure, without being in the smallest degree bony, or clumsy in its proportions, was the perfection of springing energy and healthful vigour; and I particularly remarked the beauty of her naked legs and feet, which might have emulated those of an Atalanta: upon her head, gracefully erect, she carried a large heavy pitcher, apparently without effort, balancing it, devoid of any assistance from her hands, which were employed in bearing a basket, and some of the fishing nets: her features (particularly when viewed in profile) were delicately formed, upon the true Greek model, while her cheeks pale as marble, and of a beautiful oval contour, gave her altogether an appearance of classical elegance; their children played around them; dark-eyed, sallow, yet not uninteresting little urchins, one of them with rich curled hair like that of the father, and all

of them nearly destitute of clothing of any sort: we saw (at a distance) the hamlet to which they belonged, at the time when we first entered the harbour of Lisbon. One of the fishermen came on board our vessel, with fish to sell, habited in his gala costume, as it was the eve of the festival of St. John; I did not think it either ungraceful or ill-chosen; the chief peculiarity lay in the bright scarlet vest or waistcoat, ornamented profusely with small gilt buttons of a filligree pattern, resembling those worn at Talavera in Spain. This *worthy* had an acute sharp expression of countenance, and piercing black eyes, which were always in quick and restless motion, and placed so near together in the head, that they conveyed the idea of a monkey to my mind; his fish was excellent; but he attempted (*as usual*, we were told) to impose most outrageously upon the purchaser.

You are to remember, that all these digressive anecdotes have arisen from the original conversation which, in the beginning of my letter, I was holding with you, upon

the subject of Portuguese bigotry. I have rambled widely from the former path, and know not how to regain it with propriety; yet I have still something more to say upon that topic—I will reserve it for another opportunity.

LETTER XIV.

Cintra, August.

THE shady solitude of the quinta of the fountain is become my daily resource. I lately heard a droll anecdote of the *village poet*, here, who frequently comes to drink of the same salubrious waters; whether they answer *his* purpose as well as those of Helicon, I know not; but *I* have experienced the cacoëthes scribendi in a greater degree than usual, since I have accustomed myself to their use; you shall have one of my reveries in rhyme, by this letter; but first I must go on with my anecdote respecting the bard of Cintra, for whom I have often been on the watch, expecting to see him wandering about, (as I then supposed,) like melancholy Jaques, pondering by the mossy brink of the fountain, or muttering his wayward fancies to the woods and

rocks; but my interest is now quite extinct; for I have heard that he is so far unlike a true son of the Muse, (who should live chiefly upon *air*,) as to be a great glutton, and more particularly fond of plumpudding: Poetry and pudding! what a horrible alliteration! they ought always to be kept "far as the poles asunder." This personage is rather a mauvais sujet, and has of late fallen into fresh disgrace, upon account of a little bourgeoisie from Lisbon, who is staying for her health, under the hospitable protection of a Scotch catholic family, now resident in Cintra. With this little monkey, (for although forward enough in some respects, her age does not reach fourteen,) he had struck up a fierce flirtation, which went on unheeded by the family, for some time; but it was now and then remarked, that the sweetmeats, fruit, cakes, and other dainties, vanished from the pantry, in a most unaccountable way; at length, the secret was unravelled, by the housekeeper, one luckless morning, at peep of dawn, who pounced upon the young lady, just as she was dismissing *the poet*, from the door of

the house, after a tender farewell embrace, who on his part had his mouth (not his *heart*) too full to reply to this pathetic demonstration of affection! In his hand, were the last remains of a fried plumpudding, which had been missed, as usual, the night before. The sequel may easily be imagined. The damsel is to be sent back to Lisbon, the poet has returned to his accustomed slender fare, and the pantry has been padlocked, ever since. I know not whether the present is not rather an unfavourable moment to introduce my lucubration, which was, I assure you, the offspring of real melancholy, and depression of spirit. Be assured however, that if these impressions were not *transient*, and proceeding partly from physical causes, I should not run the risk of paining you, by thus offering their expression to your sight.

THE EXILE'S LAMENT.

Yes! lovely is this foreign land;
Sublime the mountain, fair the vale;
Rich are yon orange groves, and bland
The perfum'd breath of every gale.

Then wherefore sinks my wayward heart?
What means this ever rising sigh?
Can scenes like these, no joys impart?
What wouldst thou more? sad heart, reply!

'Tis *home* alas! that I desire,
Thither my absent spirit strays,
While on my trembling lips expire,
Th' unconscious words of hollow praise!

While here I rest in myrtle bowers,
O'ershadowed by the purple vine,
I sadly think on happier hours,
That once, 'midst humbler shades, were mine!

And when the foreign tongue I hear,
Or on the stranger's visage dwell,
I turn to hide the ready tear,
And check the grief I may not tell!

No well-known voice to me replies,
No parent's look of love I meet,
No friend's warm smile can bless my eyes;
The wandering Exile, who shall greet?

Here, 'mid these scenes so "rich and rare,"
With wild romantic beauty blest,
Foul murder stalks, with sullen stare,
And vice, unblushing, rears her crest!

Here superstition reigns supreme,
Absolving deeds of sin and shame;
Here slothful monks supinely dream,
Disgracing sweet religion's name!

Surrounded by a listless race,
The sallow children of the soil,
'Tis rare the ruddy cheek I trace
Of labour, warm with healthful toil.

I view the straw-roof'd cot no more,
Where industry and neatness dwell;
No trim-kept garden's fragrant store,
Here tempts the bee to build her cell!

Oh! I am sick of many a grief,
To hard ambitious hearts unknown;
Wealth's futile hope gives no relief;
What would I then?—my home alone!

Smit with the thought of home, I pine;
Nor absent, know the name of joy,
Save when I think that still are mine,
My husband and my blooming boy.

Oh that within our country's breast,
To us a tranquil home were giv'n,
Where we from life's rude storms might rest,
And gently steal from earth to Heav'n!

LETTER XV.

Cintra, August.

SOME customs of the Portuguese appear strange indeed; in the eyes of an English person! The manner in which young children are fed, particularly surprises me; their food (more especially for breakfast) consists of a sort of pap, composed of bread, water, garlic, and oil; the latter (made in this country) is uniformly strong and rancid, as they prefer it of that flavour, to the fine Florence or Lucca oils, saying "those have no taste." Oil of another sort is nevertheless produced, from their native olive, which is pure and excellent; but this, for the same reason, is generally undervalued among all classes. The Portuguese imagine this worse than Spartan broth, to be remarkably wholesome, and appropriate to the delicacy of an infant's stomach! Then the quantity of cold water, which most people drink during

the day, is beyond all belief; I am afraid to mention it, lest I should be suspected of the well known fault of *travellers*! Women in the higher and middling classes, (and people, more particularly foreigners, who come to settle here,) suffer a great deal from weakness of digestion, and other disorders incident to a sedentary mode of life. Embonpoint, or rather decided fat, is greatly admired; and some people imagine that the habit of swallowing such large draughts of water, (provoked in some measure by the quantity of luscious sweetmeats they eat,) produces this effect; sugar being generally allowed to fatten the human frame; but then what a fat! white, unwholesome, and devoid of that firmness, which belongs to health alone! I have seen figures which appeared as if in the last stage of a dropsy, and I cannot conceive how persons in their senses, can think or call them beautiful.

A lady, whose visit I returned this morning, had lately taken a ramble in the mountains, to see the celebrated Cork convent, mentioned by every body who has ever

resided in the neighbourhood of Cintra. She was shocked at the humidity of the cells appointed for the brotherhood, which rather resemble the lairs of wild beasts, than habitations proper for the abode of human creatures; speaking the language with fluency, she entered into conversation with one of the monks, a young man, who appeared out of health, and very melancholy. She inquired if he was *dull* in this sequestered and gloomy residence? to which he replied with a sigh, "I am not very happy, certainly!" "Let me intreat you to answer me with candour," pursued his inquisitive visitor; "did you enter this community of your own accord, or were you forced into taking the vows?" "Alas!" said he, "my parents dedicated me to a monastic life, when I was in the cradle!" This has been but too common, both in Spain and Portugal. The little victims, when able to walk, are immediately clothed in miniature habits of the order of monks to which they are destined to belong, and which they constantly wear; I myself have seen a little boy, (the younger son of a noble family,) with the

crown of his head shaven, as he was intended for the priesthood. The poor monk of the Cork convent has *now* an opportunity of quitting his austere confinement, if he wishes to do so; but most probably he has never learnt any thing which might be of *use* to him in the world, has acquired habits of indolence which would unfit him from earning a subsistence, and his health is (as the lady described,) ruined by the absurd privations imposed upon him, by a perverted idea of religious duty. The brothers of this order are not allowed to eat meat at any time, and they fast often, even from their usual scanty fare; that they do *sometimes* break through so needless a prohibition, is however well known; the same lady, whose talent for cross-questioning was equal to that of a lawyer, inquired of the young man, “whether it was forbidden also for them to *dress* meat?” “No,” said he, “nothing is said against our *cooking* meat,”—“you now and then *dress* it I suppose?”—“yes, very seldom.” “And after it is drest, what happens then?”—“Oh, we—certainly we *do* go a step farther, and *eat* it also; but very rarely, as

I have told you before, for it is against our rules, and therefore sinful.”—So honest a confession surprised as well as pleased his auditress, and doubtless it spoke well for the natural sincerity of the unfortunate recluse. Several nuns have, I am told, availed themselves of the permission now given, to quit their convents; alleging that they had been compelled to assume the veil; but such instances are still rare.

I remember having formerly told you in one of my letters, that I should abstain from mentioning *much* of what I heard relative to the clergy here, from a motive of delicacy, arising from my being myself of the protestant persuasion; and I assure you, I still adhere to my resolution, notwithstanding all which I have said concerning them. It is a painful subject to the truly christian observer, whether he belong to one or the other church! Modes of worship, forms, and ceremonies, may differ in each, and purity of faith be preserved in one, more decidedly than in the other, but the grand features of true christianity are for ever *the same*; and I am sure both protestants and catholics of

virtuous life and disposition, must be equally shocked at the crimes to which I have alluded!

The women here wear scarcely any petticoats, even in winter, and some of the lower classes none whatever, contenting themselves with the chemise, covered only by the gown. The latter never use night-caps, and many still continue the ancient fashion of sleeping in a state of nature, considering clothes, during the night, as equally unwholesome and unnecessary. Both sexes adopt this practice. My informant went one morning lately, to visit a lady in Lisbon: upon entering the room she (being still in bed,) invited her visitor to sit down by her side, and arising from her pillow embraced her; the latter started involuntarily back, for the lady was *perfectly* unclothed!—but this, I believe, does not extend to the better educated and more refined classes of society. The nobility (unlike those of Spain, who, in the days of Cervantes, left the custom to the common people,) universally eat a great deal of garlic and aniseed, and, in consequence, the courtly whisper of the highest bred Fidalgo,

differs not at all from the coarse breath of the meanest mechanic or peasant—it will be easily imagined that neither resembles the perfumed gale of Arabia!

Nothing can be more uncomfortable to a stranger in Portugal, than the beds; their extreme hardness really injures rather than rests the bones (especially those of a thin person). But the custom seems universal, and it is impossible to obtain any relief, unless you send to England for a hair mattress. I have before mentioned, that beauty appears rare among the inhabitants of Lisbon; and that in families of high rank, it is still less frequent. In the latter instance, this may be easily explained, by the invariable custom, among the Fidalgos, of marrying only with the families of each other, and very frequently of intermarrying with their near relations. By these means they preserve the purity of their blood, and perpetuate the defects of their persons from generation to generation. One of the late kings of Portugal was united to his *aunt*, for the former reason.

The extreme familiarity of this people with

their domestics strikes an English person at first sight in a forcible manner; and it is somewhat difficult to reconcile such a mode of conduct with their inherent arrogance of birth. In the present state of society in England, a similar behaviour would be attended with considerable inconvenience; yet I certainly think, that even there, greater benevolence and kindness of manner between master and servant would be more consonant to the dictates of liberal policy, and true christianity.

Adieu.

LETTER XVI.

Cintra, August.

AFTER a fortnight of prolonged absence, upon official duties at Lisbon, Mr. B. is just returned to Cintra, and has, as well as myself, accompanied two gentlemen of his acquaintance in an interesting expedition, to pay a morning visit to the venerable *Principal* of Portugal, "Freire," at his retired quinta, a few miles distant from Cintra. We rode upon Bûrros,* and, setting off at ten o'clock in the morning, braved the rays of an almost vertical sun; but the latter was tempered by a strong breeze from the sea, and it was worth while to make *some* effort, in order to see so celebrated and so worthy a character. The road led us among the surrounding mountains, for the greater part of the way, from whence we had fine views of the romantic neighbourhood. Towards the end of our journey we re-entered the usual tawny disagreeable flat country, which incloses the more favoured valley of Cintra. As we rode along,

* Mules.

the gentlemen gave us the outline of Freire's history.—He is "*Principal*;" a title of such high ecclesiastical dignity, as to be second only to that of "*Patriarch*." The latter honour has been offered to him twice, by the king; but he has constantly refused it, upon motives of the most noble simplicity. When the Revolution was first announced, his moral and religious character stood so high, that the Reformers considered his name as a tower of strength, and spared no exertions to obtain its sanction. Upon being solicited to join their party, and, after having declared boldly, that his oath to the king would for ever preclude him from taking any *active* part in the New Constitution, he added, that he would consent to give them the countenance of his temporary presence in their council, as he thought his extensive influence might be of service in restraining any acts of violence or crime. Nor did the good man overrate his persuasive powers, for he was so highly respected by *all parties*, as to be of essential use in the way he expected. Through his mild and equitable advice, the envious and secretly hostile feeling of the Portu-

gueze towards the English, has been considerably checked; and I am told, that he admires our nation extremely. He strongly deprecated the absurd policy of quarrelling with us, and ably pointed out the various ways in which it would be in our power to crush the Portuguese, if needlessly provoked to so painful a trial of superiority. When the Cortes thought it necessary to their future plans to remove from their commands those British officers who had spent their blood, and employed their military knowledge in defence of Portugal, he did all in his power to oppose the measure, upon a principle of generous gratitude—but whether the latter advice was equally remarkable for *sound national policy*, may perhaps be a question: certain it is, that since native officers have been employed to command the army, much of its discipline, and consequently of its effective power, has already begun to fall off—what eventual results this circumstance may produce, time only can evince—on the other hand, Patriotic feeling seems to sanction the promotion of native commanders, in preference to foreigners, however excellent

and honourable. But this subject of course does not fall within the province of women to discuss with so much propriety as many others—let us return to the amiable Principal. Liberal and enlightened in his religious sentiments, he openly avowed his opinion that the wealth and power of the superior clergy was carried to a most improper height, and upon learning that their revenues had been reduced by the Cortes, one fourth of their former amount, he said, “the latter had been extremely temperate and moderate in the decision,” and that, “he himself had expected the revenues would have been curtailed by the half.—And, for his own part, he was perfectly satisfied with a reduced income.” What a striking (and I fear a *singular*) contrast does this apostolic conduct present, to the pride, bigotry and rapacity of many among his *dignified* brethren!—The late unfortunate General Freire was his relation, and he was described to us, as having been an equally respectable and amiable character—some have thought him the *Russell* of Portugal! He died a martyr to the interests of his country, having expiated the

crime of patriotism upon the scaffold, about four years ago!—You may recollect, that, at that period, a desire to effectuate the deliverance of Portugal from the worse than Turkish despotism of the old government, first manifested itself in the north of the country; at Oporto more particularly, where the people are said to be superior, in moral feeling and sensibility, to those of Lisbon and its environs. They assimilate also much nearer to the English residents, in the neatness and industry of their habits. The town itself is cleaner and more commodious than Lisbon, and the race of inhabitants, generally considered, more worthy of being rescued from the trammels of ignorance and oppression. General Freire, was one of these patriots—every opprobrious epithet it is possible to conceive, has been applied to his name, for he *failed* in his attempts; “Saviour, patriot, hero, guardian, God,” are among the appellations of the present set of reformers, for they have *succeeded* in theirs! and yet they are inferior in *every way* to Freire. Thus, it frequently happens, that *circumstances* decide all; and the self same

act which in adversity is *crime*, becomes in prosperity, *virtue* ! Having received all these voluminous details, relative to the family connections and the character of the Principal, we could hardly fail in looking upon this visit as an interesting event of our lives, and were impatient to reach the retreat of so much unassuming worth. We were fortunate in finding him at home, sitting in his morning country dishabille, with another visitor, whose equipage we had observed in the court yard, as we entered. This was one of his earliest acquaintance at the University of Coimbra, an ancient grey haired bishop, whose name I have forgotten. The latter was a thin spare figure, bent and enfeebled by age, with a countenance wherein I thought I could trace the mingled expressions of native benevolence, cautious observation, and a slight tinge of crafty policy ;— at first sight, and previous to our presentation, we should not have been aware of his rank, as his dress was of the coarsest materials, consisting of a long flowing robe of very shabby black cloth, soiled with dust, *ponderous* boots and spurs, with a little skull

cap of greasy black silk, covering the bare circle of his tonsured head; in his hand he carried a taper ebony riding wand, tipped with silver, and as tall as himself—and I remarked upon his turning round, the solitary ornament of a pair of tarnished gold tassels, which hung down upon his back. The countenance of the Principal was singularly cheerful and benevolent. I do not think that an expression of *intellectual* superiority was strongly defined; but candour, frankness, and good temper, were written upon his brow! His person could not be called dignified, being short and heavy in its proportions; but (as might readily be expected,) there were no signs of the overwhelming rotundity and rubicund visage of the jolly *Father Paul*, much less any indications of the proud and pampered prelate, to be seen! He received us with amiable and hospitable courtesy, apologized to me (being the only female of the party) for his rustic dishabille, and showed us over the whole of his house and gardens. In the latter we drank from a sparkling fountain, a draught of pure element, which he praised with as

much earnestness as if it had been nectar. Nothing could be more simple and primitive than the style of his table, and the furniture of his apartments; the latter was comprized in a few ancient wooden chairs and tables, ranged along the bare white-washed walls; the only decoration being two or three taudry grottoes in glass cases, made of shells, foil and rags—the handy-work of nuns; the former was nearly as frugal as that of a hermit! The cloth had been laid in readiness for his dinner; it was clean but coarse, the plates of the commonest Delf ware, and the spoons of plated metal, through which the copper was abundantly visible; he offered us some sweet wine, and made us taste the only dish which was in a state of sufficient forwardness to be produced from the adjoining kitchen.—It was a *national* one, composed of rice boiled in milk, and strewed over with powdered cinnamon and sugar. As we passed through a gallery, looking down upon the chapel, where he performs mass to the surrounding peasantry, at a very early hour every morning, we remarked a lamp burning before the altar, although the rays of a

bright meridian sun were streaming into the apartment: this custom is, I believe, universal in the catholic church, and reminded me of the ancient fires of Vesta, both having proceeded from the same original idea, and used, I believe, as the symbol of heavenly love. Here, the Principal rapidly dropt upon one knee, and made the sign of the cross upon his breast, without stopping for more than a second in the course of his lively and easy conversation. I cannot but confess, that this habitual reverence for holy places, (although in some instances it has degenerated into mere *outward* formality,) appeared to me in bright contrast to the careless indifference which many protestants are but too apt to display towards *their* altars and places of worship! For my own individual feelings, I find it impossible to enter *any* building devoted to the service of the Almighty, without a sensation of solemn and reverential awe, independent of the particular mode of worship which may happen to be celebrated there!

The gardens of this quinta were shaded by alleys of box, mingled with laurel, and

were evidently kept for purposes of use rather than of ornament. As we returned to the house, I thought I had never before seen so humble an episcopal residence! It was spacious, but constructed upon so plain and unadorned a plan, that it at once resembled a country stable, and a prison; uniting all the want of finish, the roughness, and rusticity of the former, with the solidity and gloom of the latter. No train of domestics in purple pomp, inhabited this modest retreat: two grave looking servants in coarse black dresses, alone attended, and his prime *favourite* seemed to be a sleek tabby cat, who was installed in one of the apartments. We now left the Principal, charmed by his manners, countenance, and habits of life; and fully disposed to coincide in the opinion of our conductors, that "Freire was decidedly one of the first characters in Portugal."

LETTER XVII.

Cintra, August.

Victor Sasseti's Hotel.

WE have lately removed to this hotel, on account of several domestic annoyances which occurred at the former; and here we find still superior comfort and accommodation, together with a frank and attentive civility, which has nothing servile, but a great deal of kindness to recommend it; the air too is cooler, from the circumstance of the house having been erected on higher ground than that of Senhor Costa (our first host). Victor (who is a native of Piedmont) deserves the greatest encouragement; his activity, industry, and good management, his liberality towards every guest, and to his own family and servants, are striking. His wife (a Portuguese) differs so much in all her habits from the usual run of her countrywomen, as to be the counterpart of her husband. They maintain her aged mother, a

niece, and six fine children, (most of the latter are *beautiful*,) and live in the most united and affectionate manner. Since we came hither, the family of La C—— are arrived at Cintra, to pass the autumnal season. They have shown us much polite and hospitable attention, and altogether, I think them superior to any Portuguese family which I have yet seen. Their widowed mother, the Baroness de B., has the reputation of much worth and amiability; her manners are gentle and polished, in which respect I perceive that she is emulated by all her children. One of her daughters assured me that she has been so much liked and esteemed for her hospitality to strangers, as to have obtained from foreigners, by common consent, the title of “the lady of Portugal.” I was sorry for my own sake to find that she speaks only her native language; but the rest of the family converse fluently in French. I employ myself in drawing a good deal; the costumes of the peasantry, and the lovely scenery of Cintra, afford ample scope to the pencil; but the climate does *not* agree with me, the heat

and the dampness of the air are both too relaxing, and in my case have induced a degree of physical languor, which is but too apt to increase mental anxiety and depression; nor am I the only foreigner who has found the same effect from a continued residence at Cintra, all beauteous as it is.

I ascended the mountains, a few days since, to witness the ceremony of what is called "a church feast," held in the convent of "Nossa Senhora da Pênya" (our Lady of the Rock), upon the topmost peak of one of the highest. There I witnessed a great deal of what I must call "mummery," and heard some bad music; a few scripture characters (represented by children dressed up for the purpose) occasionally mingled in the service, and there was a shrill chorus of *cherubim*, which was any thing but *angelic*; the latter small personages were decked in the most taudry grotesque costume that can be imagined, and covered with foil and dirty ostrich feathers, altogether reminding me strongly of the glories of a London chimney-sweeper on May-day.

LETTER XVIII.

Cintra, Sept. 21st.

SINCE I dispatched my last letter to you, we have seen a good deal of Portugueze society, chiefly at the house of the Baroness de B. From having opened their house, for so many years past, to English and foreign visitors, some of whom have been of the first families, and of distinguished merit and talent, they have risen wonderfully above the singular prejudices of their age and nation. The young Donnas frequently express to us how much they regret the neglected state of education, which (with a few exceptions) is prevalent among the Portugueze families of all ranks. They have even lamented what they termed their own deficiency in this respect; but if such really exists, I am sure it is very difficult to be discovered, and admirably supplied by their native talent and *tact*. How many soi-disant accomplished young ladies have I seen, in England, who

are unworthy of the least comparison, and yet the most extravagant expense of money, time, and patience, has been lavished upon their education! The eldest of the La C.'s is small, low in stature, and very dark complexioned: her hands and feet beautifully slender and delicate; indeed, almost all the Portuguese ladies have small feet, though not generally so *well formed* as those of the Spanish, nor are they reported to walk so well as the latter, to whom, I believe, the celebrated "*Foot of fire*" must by *all* women be conceded. Without being handsome, she has an ingenuous sensible countenance, where it is not difficult to trace a degree of sensibility, which, she said herself, was sometimes too great for her happiness. I think I never heard a finer voice—it is powerful at times, when she is in good health and spirits, and always sweet; while her taste and brilliancy of execution are of a high order of excellence. She wished, the other day, at her own house, to give me some idea of a *trio* in the opera of *La Fille de l'Air*, mentioned by Madame de Stael in her *Corinne*, but having no piano forte at Cintra, what was to be done? In

this dilemma, her brother and his friend, two young officers, came to her assistance. They supported the under vocal parts of the trio, and, in addition, gave a correct and very pleasing *imitation* of the violin and bassoon accompaniment. The effect was excellent.*

Sen. I. (her brother) has a fine rich bass voice, and sung the buffo part with considerable expression. Not one of the party can read music, and Donna C. herself, with the exception of a very few lessons which she received formerly from an Italian master, is wholly the pupil of nature. Her vocal memory is perfectly astonishing; and in this point she is nearly equalled by her two sisters, who sing a little, but do not possess the distinguished voice of the elder. The second daughter has a speaking eye—full of animation! I should think that she had quicker abilities, perhaps, than any of the family, and she has great variety and brilliancy in her conversation, without being less feeling and graceful in her manners. The youngest is so small, that she resembles a sylph or a fairy; she

* This vocal imitation of instrumental music, is common, I am told, in the Jewish Synagogues.

appears gentle and amiable, is fond of occupation, and I generally find her bending over a frame, where she embroiders like a second Arachne! The Baroness sees company every evening: Corcundas and Constitutionalists are equally admitted. I have never gone in, that I have not met a large party assembled, conversing as they walked up and down the long drawing room, or playing at cards. The latter forms the chief occupation of most Portuguese families, the card tables being set the moment breakfast is over;—indeed, like Boniface with his ale, they seem to

“ Eat, drink, and sleep upon their cards.”

It is *very* rarely that one sees a room furnished with *books*; but this ought not to excite surprise in a country where foreign literature, until lately, has been prohibited, as dangerous alike to church and state. I have been assured, upon very good authority however, that this forbidden fruit has been *secretly* plucked, with greedy eagerness, in spite of the dragons who guarded it, and,

what is singular, by the dragons themselves, who are reported to be particularly delighted with Voltaire, Diderot, &c. &c. and to collect their works, and others of an infidel tendency, for their private delectation. Indeed the growth of atheistical and deistical principles is said to be of alarming rapidity, both among the laity and the clergy in this country. I hope such an assertion is not true, but I could not be *surprised* were it really the case: the unbecoming intolerance of the Romish tenets, if they fail of engendering the most complete bigotry, *naturally* tend to the production of the opposite extreme! In countries where the liberty of free discussion upon religious subjects is allowed, mere *doubts* are not so fatally dangerous: a spirit of inquiry, of investigation, is thereby excited, which, if fairly conducted, is the best and surest friend to Christianity. It has always been a great pleasure to me to recollect, that one of the brightest ornaments of the Romish church, and the model for *all* churchmen, of whatever persuasion, the immortal Fenelon, was by no means what is termed an *orthodox* Catholic.

I have just received a visit from the Spanish Ambassador Extraordinary, and his countess. I dare not attempt to *spell* their names, the guttural sound of which renders the task hopeless to a foreigner. The Ambassador is a dignified and graceful personage, and the Ambassadors a pretty and engaging woman, whose complexion is as fair and delicate as that of any English beauty, while the latter can seldom boast of such dark and richly fringed hazel eyes. Like most Spanish women, she is full of fire and animation; talks French fluently, and is wholly free from hauteur or affectation. I do not hear that she possesses an *appendage* which is but too common to the ladies of her country—"the *cicesbeo*." There appears to be a great (or rather a *little*) jealousy generally existing in the minds of the Portuguese towards Spaniards; the women, especially, seem to hate each other cordially; and if I were to give implicit credence to all the tales I have been told by the former of the latter, my hair (being a sober English woman) might chance to stand on end! I must, in candour, acknowledge, that I thought the

ladies of Lisbon behaved, generally speaking, with great neglect towards the ambassadress, in suffering her to remain for nearly the whole of her sojourn among them, in her solitary hotel, without paying her the attention even of a ceremonious visit. There was a want of hospitality and of kind feeling about this mode of conduct, which appeared the more glaring, as it was well known that her family was not only one of the highest in Spain, but that she had received a remarkably good education, and possessed personal claims to esteem and respect.

Among many anecdotes of Spanish customs and manners, I will repeat the following, which will, doubtless, somewhat surprise you.—The late Baron de B. (a Portugeze,) was travelling, some years since, in Spain, and passed a few days under the roof of a lady of high rank, whose husband was one of the most distinguished persons in the government. The bed-rooms there are frequently without doors, a slight curtain, only, covering the entrance to each. The baron was a favourite of the fair hostess. One morning, as she was in her own apart-

ment, she heard his footsteps passing along the gallery, and called out to him to come in and sit down. The gentleman hesitated a good deal, surprised at her freedom of manner, (for the Portuguese are far more reserved than the Spaniards in every outward appearance,) and perceiving her maid standing at the entrance, he asked, if her lady was dressed and would admit him? "Dressed!" repeated the laughing damsel, "what difference can that make? come in—come in." He accordingly complied, and found her in bed, with one foot exposed to the inspection of the family surgeon, who was preparing a penknife to cut her excellency's corns! A French belle receives male visitors at her toilette, but she has too much coquetry to exhibit a *disagreeable* spectacle to the eyes of her flatterers: how impolitic the sang-froid of the other was, I need not waste time in expressing. The same lady had a very large party of distinguished nobility at dinner. She intended to go to the theatre at night, and a few minutes before the proper hour, her maid entered the apartment, with a box of jewels,

from which she coolly selected what she thought most splendid, and putting them upon her mistress, chattered the whole time to the noble visitants, without appearing in the least restrained or impressed by their superior rank. As soon as her excellency was adorned, she called for coffee, and placing her feet upon a pan of hot charcoal, (used during the winter, in Spain,) she carelessly turned one beautiful leg over the other, so as to display not only their own symmetry, but a pair of very rich garters, which hung down in golden tassels, and began to *smoke*.

The Portugueseze ambassadress had at that time just arrived in Spain. She enquired what would be expected of her, from the Hidalgos, among whom she was come to reside; and was told, that it might be proper to begin by giving a ball and supper. Accordingly, the tickets of invitation were issued, and a magnificent entertainment prepared. The stated night arrived, and the Portugueseze, covered with jewels, prepared to receive her guests; but to her great surprise, scarcely any one appeared! Hour after hour elapsed,

and still the musicians played to the walls and benches! The supper was equally neglected, and in short the whole entertainment thrown away. A few days afterwards, she received from the French ambassadress, a solution of the mystery. "How did your excellency word the tickets of invitation?"—"I scarcely understand your question." "I mean, *who* did you mention in each card?" "The heads, and the principal members of every family, of course." "No one else?" "Certainly not; *who* should there have been in addition?" At these words the French woman yielded to an irrepressible burst of laughter. "Forgive me, Madam," said she, "but your simplicity is so infinitely amusing! you should never have asked husband and wife together; had you invited every lady and her *cicesbeo*, your rooms would have overflowed!" The Portugeze, in order to prove the truth of this hint, gave another ball, wording her invitations in the *proper* manner, and the consequence was, that her entertainment was the most brilliant and numerously attended that it is possible to conceive.

LETTER XIX.

Cintra, September 28th.

I MET an interesting couple this morning in my walk. Passing through the shady lane which leads from hence to the Marialva, I perceived a young soldier seated upon the stone bench by the road side, with one of the prettiest peasant girls I had ever seen; they appeared heated and fatigued, yet were chattering and laughing with much cheerfulness over a large water-melon, which the man was cutting, and of which he had just given her a share as I came up to them! I have hardly ever beheld a finer couple! Stopping to observe the beauty of the girl more nearly, I pretended to admire the glass buttons which ornamented her jacket; upon which, she pointed to a gold cross which I wore, and made me comprehend that she also admired *my* taste in

decoration. The soldier, in the mean time, had cut another slice of the refreshing fruit, and offered it to my acceptance, with a respectful good will, which was really graceful. I asked if the young person was his wife? To which he replied in broken English, with great animation, "Yes, minha Senhora, she my wife; *much good for me!*" I could not forbear (and wherefore should I have forborne?) gratifying him by saying, as I took my leave, "She is very pretty!" and I heard him telling her, after I had passed on, that I meant "muita bonita," which seemed to make her laugh heartily. I never saw more ingenuous countenances than those of both these rustics, and I am determined, from the innocent expression of her lovely features, to believe, that she was indeed a wife. Those persons who form their ideas of beauty from mere *red and white*, would not perhaps have admired her style; and those who have never seen Spanish or Portuguese eyes, may talk as much as they please of the charms of blue or grey orbs; nay, the very ancients may rave about their eyes of Venus, which, I

believe, they asserted to be of an indefinite colour, wavering between violet and brown; but certain I am, that all such must "*pale their ineffectual fire*," if placed in comparison with these sable diamonds, these living stars! The expression of feeling, particularly that of gratitude, seems to be very energetic among the Portuguese peasantry, and it has happened several times, that I myself have had occasion to witness it. I merely gave a trifle, to an aged woman here, for the relief of her orphan grand-children; some time afterwards, when I was quitting the hotel, she rushed into my room, threw herself at my feet, and embraced my knees with the tears running down her cheeks. "God bless you! I am much obliged by your *kindness*," was all she could utter; and I am convinced that it was not the money so much, as our having shown an interest in the fate of her orphans, which affected her so sensibly!

At another time, a woman who sold goat's milk to us every morning, had received some affront from a drunken fellow, half an idiot, who belonging to the hotel. I pitied her

agitation, and sent to desire her to come up stairs, wishing, if I must acknowledge the whole truth, to have a nearer view of her costume, and Moorish physiognomy. She accordingly entered the room, making repeated motions with her head and arms, much resembling the eastern *salam*, and falling upon her knees, clung about me, while she related the story of her quarrel, accompanying the narration with floods of tears. I never saw a more singular figure: her skin, independent of its native swarthy hue, was blackened by the scorching influence of the sun, to the complexion of an Egyptian mummy; her lean form resembled that of a skeleton, her waist was of an enormous length, and as slender in its proportions as that of a wasp; the veins and sinews started in ghastly relief from her throat and arms, and her dark eyes, drowned in tears, sunk deep in their bony sockets; a coarse scarlet cloth petticoat with a broad blue border, and a coloured linen jacket, an uncoifed grizzled shaggy head, and thick high-heeled leather boots, resembling those

worn by men, formed her costume; altogether, she was an object which having once seen, it would, I think, be difficult to forget!

Nothing more excites our surprize, than the indifference which the generality of persons in the higher classes evince towards the beauty, the verdure, the shade, and the coolness of Cintra! They seem to prefer the disgusting streets of Lisbon and its environs, to these striking scenes of natural loveliness and simplicity; almost every quinta we see here, is suffered to run to ruin; and some houses, which belong to the nobility, are in so dilapidated a state as to be nearly unfit to afford shelter from the weather! Indeed we are told by many Portugeze, (who did not seem to feel they were exhibiting any proof of vitiated taste,) that Cintra was by no means a favourite residence, even among those families who had property there. It forms to Lisbon, what Richmond is to London: and is chiefly frequented during the Summer months, by flocks of citizens, who come down to the hotels, on the Saturday night, and leave it again for Lisbon, on the Monday following: passing

the interval, in riding (often at full speed in a riotous and brutal manner,) the poor burros, which are let out for hire, in gormandizing and in gambling. Adieu.

LETTER XX.

Cintra, October 4th.

WE frequently meet in society here a certain hero of romance, of whom I formerly spoke, as the proprietor of the pretty quinta of the fountain; I now find, that there are two ways of telling his story; while the gentle lovers of the *novel*, insist upon it, that this youthful "stranger," who lives thus separated for his *adored* but faithless wife, brooding in secret over feelings of mingled severity and tenderness, and lost to the enjoyments of the gay world, is deserving of the utmost commiseration, his enemies assert, that his own unfeeling indifference to her happiness and reputation, aided by his supine acquiescence in the opinions of an austere tutor who resides with him, and has ever shown a most unwarrantable dislike to the lady in question, have been the only causes of the separation of the parties. The presumptuous interference of the tutor is

even said to have extended to the regulation of her wardrobe, (a piece of officiousness which no woman could be expected to forgive,) and this from motives of a pecuniary nature, which, it is broadly hinted, turned more upon *his own* eventual benefit, than upon that of his patron and pupil; as far as *I* have been able to judge, no person ever had less the appearance of suffering from mental uneasiness than the young gentleman in question: he enters into society as willingly as any body else, has a round dimpled face (untouched by a single line of “carking care,”) and the air of a careless schoolboy, rather than of a sentimental sufferer. An old gentleman of the neighbourhood, rich and independent, and consequently not much afraid of “speaking his mind” (as the phrase is,) upon all occasions, told me very lately, that the young senhor had called upon him twice since his arrival at Cintra, but had not been admitted; a thing which is very rare in Portugal, where the custom of saying “not at home” is rarely practised, and far less properly understood. “I have called at your door several times,

Mr. B——,” said he, “but you did not let me in!” “Pray, senhor,” returned the old gentleman in his driest manner, “have you released your wife from her imprisonment?” “No, sir!”—“Very well, when you let *her* out, I will let *you* in; and not before.”—Upon which they parted in mutual indignation!

The Portuguese, both in the higher and lower classes, are superstitiously prone to a belief in omens, lucky and unlucky days, divination by cards, religious miracles, &c. &c. although every idea of the possibility of the re-appearance of departed spirits, seems generally scoffed at and denied. The tone of their minds is rarely high set, and therefore the gross and puerile nature of their superstitions ought not to create surprize.

A lady here told my fortune by the cards, in a very interesting lively manner, and had talent enough to fix my attention in spite of good sense; she mentioned that the Poles are universally addicted to the oracles of cards and dice, and are almost all *fatalists*, even in their more serious opinions. A gentleman of that nation, who was formerly

in the habit of visiting at her house, once undertook to predict the fortune of one of her female relations by means of dice; he threw them in a particular way, with many strange ceremonies, and then remarked, that such and such occurrences would happen to her, in such and such a time. He was extremely ridiculed, as what he had foretold came scarcely within the bounds of possibility, much less of *probability*; but the subsequent events faithfully verified his words; as there are some distinguished names both in England and Portugal mixed up in the above relation, I am not at liberty to mention the particulars, but at all events, I must say, that the Polander, if he was not actually an adept in the *occult* sciences, had at least a very keen and extended vision with respect to possible *political* events; the fate of the lady depended much upon affairs connected with the Portugueze and English governments, and it appears to me not improbable that this *wise-man's* mind foreboded the changes which have so lately taken place in the former, although they were *then* at a great distance. This is the

only *rationale* of the circumstance which I can devise, and, even with this assistance, I confess the talent of the Polander must have been *very extraordinary*, and bears a considerable resemblance to that of the Russian officer, mentioned in the “Memoirs of the Margravine of Bareith,” who predicted, in so strange and minute a manner, the various events in the life of that princess, who was then a child. Perhaps I shall have tired you with this long dissertation, and I believe it might as well have been omitted altogether, since I am restrained from mentioning it in that *detailed* manner which would have enabled you to take an interest in it, by the opportunity it afforded you of *judging for yourself*. Among other superstitions to which the Polish nation is addicted, I may be forgiven for relating the following, as its elegance of fancy, almost redeems its absurdity. Every individual is supposed to be born under the influence of some particular destiny or fate, which it is impossible for him to avoid. The month of his nativity has a mysterious connexion with one of the known precious stones, and

when a person wishes to make the object of his affections an acceptable present, a *ring* is invariably given, composed of the jewel by which the fate of that object is imagined to be determined and described. For instance, a woman is born in January; her ring must therefore be a jacinth or a garnet, for these stones belong to that peculiar month of the year, and express “constancy and fidelity.” I saw a list of them all, which the Polander gave to the lady in question, and she has allowed me to copy it.—viz.

“*January*—Jacynth or garnet.—Constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

“*February*—Amethyst.—This month and stone preserves mortals from strong passions, and ensures them peace of mind.

“*March*—Bloodstone.—Courage, and success in dangers and hazardous enterprises.

“*April*—Sapphire or diamond.—Repentance, and innocence.

“*May*—Emerald.—Success in love.

“*June*—Agate.—Long life, and health.

“*July*—Cornelian or ruby.—The forget-

fulness or the cure of evils springing from friendship or love.

“ *August*—Sardonyx.—Conjugal fidelity.

“ *September* — Chrysolite. — Preserves from, or cures folly.

“ *October*—Aquamarine, or opal.—Misfortune and hope.

“ *November*—Topaz.—Fidelity in friendship.

“ *December*—Turquoise, or malakite.—The most brilliant success and happiness in every circumstance of life; the turquoise has also the property of securing friendly regard; hence the old saying, that ‘ he who possesses a turquoise will always be sure of friends.’ ”

LETTER XXI.

Cintra, October 4th.

I WENT last night, (taking advantage of Mr. B's return for one day only,) to the mountain upon the extreme summit of which are the remains of the Castello dos Mouros; (Moorish castle.) The view of the surrounding country, as we climbed the steep ascent, was beautiful. The Penha convent, on the twin mountain's top, had a particularly fine effect; its grey walls and the foundation rocks were bathed in a flood of purple glory, a farewell favour from the departing sun! Seen in this point of view, they seemed to me representative of the Romish religion; *both* lose, when closely examined by the cool and sober light of truth, and *both* have the property of dazzling the eyes, and of charming the senses, when clothed in the unreal splendours lent by a heated imagination. We were not able fully to satisfy

our curiosity: as being encumbered by the presence of our little boy, we did not find it safe to climb the steepest acclivity, upon which the castle stands.

I walked again this morning to the beautiful quinta of the fountain, indulging in no unpleasing reverie as I listened to the usual soft fall of the water, and to the soothing murmur of the wood pigeons, which, as I have before told you, build among these chestnut shades. I have often heard it said, that a person who resides amid the scenery of the Cumberland and Westmorland lakes must infallibly become in some degree a poet, or else be a decided fool; that is to say, he must either be wholly enchanted, or stupidly insensible, there being no medium. I could almost have held the same opinion in regard to this romantic quinta, had I not been aware of a scene which took place there the other day, at ten o'clock in the morning, in which so many individuals were engaged, that it would be rather too sweeping a censure, to pronounce that they were *all* as much blocks as the rocks which surrounded them! Two large card-tables were placed, one on each



Drawn by M. Baillie.

PORTUGUEZE SCENERY & PEASANTS.

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side of the lovely fountain, round which above thirty persons were seated, playing at rondo, a gambling game, at which the Portuguese often lose enormous sums. This day, the place was once more silent and solitary, the pure ear of the nymph of the Spring was no longer shocked by the sound of vulgar and incongruous revelry; yet, from the apartments of the house to which the quinta belonged, there rose upon the air, at intervals, the shouts and exclamations of a party, (higher in their rank, yet, I suspect, little more refined or intellectual in their pleasures,) mingled with the strokes of the mace, and the clashing of the balls of a billiard table; methought, at every blow, I beheld the trembling dryads shrinking deeper into their verdant retreats! However, I ought not to be too severe in my censure; in Portugal there are so few mental resources to engage or fertilize the mind, that a man whose time is unoccupied by the daily routine of a business or profession, (or, as is *now* frequently the case, by schemes of *political* intrigue,) must be wholly and listlessly idle, if he has not recourse to these

sort of amusements. Besides, there is *now* a possibility, that the taste for such frivolous employment of time may decline, and a wish for the attainment of knowledge increase, together with the means of its acquirement. The gates are at length beginning to open for the admission of foreign literature; slowly and sullenly indeed, groaning and creaking as they turn, and still impeded in their progress by remaining superstitions and political jealousies; but still they *are* opening, and I trust they will soon find many a ready hand stretched forth, to pour oil upon their hinges. I heard lately, and from good authority, that it was already in contemplation to publish a literary journal, and that the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews had been sent for, as models for the Portuguese *tyros*; but the New Monthly Magazine which has recently started into just and distinguished notice in our own country, and which has been met with open arms in America, would, I think, be a more eligible pattern; as it treats of more light and general subjects than either of the former Reviews, whose abstruse disquisitions upon science

are *at present* much beyond the reach of Portuguese critics! This dawn of light has doubtless sprung from the effects of the constitutional form of government, the original promoters of which ought not to be denied their due share of credit for that and other beneficial efforts. Yet, is this *good* most strangely mixed with *evil*; for although the present ruling power is more liberal in some points than the former, it is equally ignorant and arrogant in others: indeed it appears to us to be quite as *despotic* in its way, and is only worthy to be considered as the lesser plague of the two; when we consider some of its late proceedings, evincing as much absurdity of judgment, as a want of faith and integrity, it is impossible to feel either a respect for its character, or any strong persuasion of its duration. A succession of tyrannical idiots, unhappily invested with despotic power, have for many ages ruled this wretched land; last year it pleased the fates, that they should be suddenly overthrown; but who are those who *now* grasp the reins of the state? a band of firm, upright, benevolent and enlightened

patriots?—Far, far from it!—The possession of unaccustomed authority has already begun to turn their heads; they

“ Assume the God,
Affect to nod,
And *think* they shake the spheres.”

It is more than probable, and certainly little to be regretted, that, ere long, they will bring down upon themselves a severe lesson; but whatever may occur, all good men are bound to hope, that the former *Turkish* system of government will never again be tolerated; there are many who would be mad and criminal enough to attempt its revival, but the spirit of the age, (so clearly and universally demonstrated,) would, I think, prove an effectual bar to their selfish project! The people *at large* are surely worth saving and teaching; nor is it likely that the stream of knowledge, having once been set at liberty, (even though it may have been effectuated by unworthy hands,) will ever again be pent up in the former narrow channel! Long may it continue to flow, gaining force as it goes, overcoming every obstacle, opening

new ways amid the arid deserts of ignorance and superstition, proceeding "from strength to strength," still, like the Nile, fertilizing, cheering and blessing the soil over which it rolls, until at length it expands into a clear, pure and widely diffusive flood, which will wash away all traces of past error and crime, and render the name of Portugal distinguished and honourable among the nations of the world!

A very pretty anecdote of a child of Victor's has this moment come to my knowledge, and it will refresh your mind as well as my own, if I relate it to you, rather than dwell any longer upon such high and mighty topics! Mr. Baillie had given the boy (who is about eleven years of age, very handsome, and engaging in his manners,) a *nuovo cruzado* to spend at a fair here, which took place nearly a month since; the little fellow however had kept it unbroken, until now, when he has purchased with it a very pretty English shawl for his mother: I really envied her feelings upon receiving so unequivocal a token of affection and generosity. Adieu.

LETTER XXII.

Cintra, Oct. 7th.

WE have made another and more successful attempt to reach the summit of the mountain upon which the *Castello dos Mouros* is built, and were gratified by the finest bird's-eye prospect of the country that we had yet seen. We were shown the Moorish fountain of the purest and most transparent water possible, of which we had previously heard much, and I had imagined more, fancying it to be situated at the extreme summit of the mountain, open to the purifying influence of the free winds of heaven, where the moon and stars nightly gazed upon the reflection of their glorious beauty, and the morning beheld her blushes given back again in softened loveliness! These fine expectations soon vanished when I beheld the reality, and I found to my disappointment, that the celebrated Moorish fountain was nothing more romantic than a common cold bath,

built beneath the remaining arches of a dismal stone vault, dark, damp, and deep, the first view of which quenched, effectually, all my *poetical* ideas. The castle itself covers a vast extent of irregular ground, and must indeed have been a superb and haughty fastness, almost impregnable, both from strength and locality. The chapel is nearly entire, and there are considerable remains of the different apartments and staircases—some of the former have three walls, built by human industry, and the fourth formed of the solid rock. Rosemary, thyme, marjoram, chamomile, &c. &c. grow in great profusion among these wild crags, and the air is delightfully perfumed with their aromatic odour. The change of temperature from the late intolerable and enervating heat of summer, to the present autumnal freshness, is a perfect medicine to myself and child. We can now walk even in the middle of the day among the rocks, gaining health and strength at every step. The air is purer, and more bracing than lower down in the valley, or in the close woods, and the elevation is not sufficient

to render it sharp or rarefied. These mountains in fact, are not by any means *lofty*, and when compared with those in Switzerland, appear like mere pigmies. They do not consist of one prodigious and connected surface, but are broken into a thousand irregular masses, (some of which are very small,) as if they had been heaped one upon the other in consequence of an earthquake, or by the force of a rapid torrent; and yet, there is no appearance of a stream among them at present; no sparkling brook—no graceful cascade, no miniature lake, not even one of those narrow falls of water, resembling a line of liquid silver, which are so common in other mountainous regions. The grand aqueduct has, I believe, effectually drained every source of this beautiful and precious element, which is carried along the heights, and descends into the reservoir by means of small tunnels formed of red tile, and protected from the impurities it might collect in its progress, by a rude covering of cemented lime and sand. This superb work of art, from which the garden of every house is supplied with water, was erected by order of that celebrated

statesman, the Marquis de Pombal, answering a double end—that of benefiting the inhabitants, and of plausibly employing for many months a large standing army, which he (for political reasons) was afraid of disbanding, although he was under a promise of doing so at the termination of a war.

The Portuguese (like most foreigners who have fallen under my observation) eat a great variety at their meals, and it may be added, a great quantity also! They generally breakfast upon very substantial fare; coffee and tea forming only the accompaniments to hot beef steaks, fish, &c. Their dinner, which takes place in the middle of the day, is comparatively slight, and irregularly served. Those very few families who happen to approve the customs of the English, take tea in the evening, but it is more common to omit this refreshment altogether. Every body eats supper, which is in fact the principal meal of the day, and here an old Fidalga of my acquaintance is said to evince, that in spite of her advanced age, she possesses the digestion of an ostrich! The favorite dish at breakfast of a young donna, by her own confession,

would somewhat astonish the fastidious delicacy of *our* fine ladies, or of Lord Ogleby, of famous memory, whose chief objection to the worthy citizen his host, consisted in his liking to eat,

“Vulgar fellow ! hot rolls and butter in July !”

I cannot however believe that her taste is not peculiar to herself alone. The dish is as follows, and it forms a totally new article I should imagine, in the gastronomic calendar. “A large thick slice of hot leavened bread, strewn with salt and pepper, soaked in vinegar, seasoned highly with garlic, and swimming in that filthy sort of oil, which I believe I once before mentioned as preferred here to all others, being of so rank a scent as well as flavour, that it is impossible not to perceive *its effects* for many hours after it has been eaten, in the taint it leaves upon the breath.” There is a species of cake, composed of this oil, honey, and fine flower, of which the best families are extravagantly fond, and which they introduce upon every occasion. I always fancy I can smell it at the

distance of several yards. The constant and profuse use of oil in their food, joined to the relaxing effects of indolence and of climate, may probably be the cause of the almost universal weakness of digestion, and want of personal strength, so common among the inhabitants of Lisbon. The peasantry appear to enjoy far better health; perpetual exercise under the influence of summer's sun and winter's wind, hardens their muscles and reduces their flesh: their food, also, is remarkably spare, and by no means of a fattening nature; dried fish, coarse black looking bread, made of barley or Indian corn, with a head or two of garlic, and sometimes goats'-milk cheese, dry, salt, and nearly impenetrable to the teeth, resembling that upon which the goatherds regaled Don Quixote amid the cork tree mountains. They often live to an advanced age, more particular at Cintra; but this used I am told, to be the case formerly more than at present, for of late, the number of sudden deaths among persons in the prime of life has increased to an alarming degree. Convulsions, palsy, and apoplexy, are very fre-

quent, particularly among the middling and higher classes. Sometimes whole families inherit these dreadful diseases; and one young lady with whom I am acquainted, is perpetually liable to the former, during the hot months of the year. She is of a delicate frame and very nervous. If she is overfatigued, or agitated by any unpleasant emotion, convulsive spasms immediately come on; and for the first few days after the recent death of her father, she was repeatedly attacked in this manner, and so violently, that her life was thought to have been in danger. The mention of his decease reminds me of a barbarous custom in Portugal, which yet remains to be abolished. Immediately upon the death of any member of a family, the rest are obliged, beginning from that day, to receive in formal ceremony, the visit of every person of their acquaintance, who, hastily assuming a black dress, run in crowds to pay their set compliments of condolence. The surviving, and sometimes deeply afflicted relatives, range themselves upon a sofa at the upper end of the room, where they are obliged to sit in state, for the first eight

days after the death, exposed to the gaze of hard-hearted or careless curiosity. When the corpse is to be buried, the heir of the deceased takes charge of the key of the coffin, and is obliged to unlock the lid, when the body remains with the face uncovered during the whole of the funeral service. They always bury in churches, to the great scandal of every person of sane mind and benevolent regard for the health of the living; and the unwholesome effects of this practice have risen to such a height, that it has lately been laid before the consideration of the Cortes. Quick lime is often poured into the vaults in order to obviate the evil, but feeling and delicacy are offended by this method. Certain it is, that to the freed spirit, nothing can be of less importance than the manner in which the gross mortal husk is disposed of. The body is like a garment, which when it is worn out or destroyed, may either be cast into a lumber chest, or thrown wholly away, it matters not which to the late wearer! Yet, to the fond and weeping survivors, the idea of any thing approaching to disrespect, is

often insupportably distressing; and for this reason surely, a certain decency and tenderness ought always to be preserved in the manner of treating the bodies of the departed.

LETTER XXIII.

Cintra, October.

A FEW weeks since, an assassination of an officer took place in the streets of Lisbon: it is the first which has come to our knowledge since our arrival in the country, and is talked of as rather an uncommon circumstance at *this time of the year*, for it is chiefly during the dark nights of winter that such occurrences are frequent. There has been for the last few days a grand church feast, held at Mafra, a celebrated edifice about twelve miles from hence, being at once a palace, a church, and a convent. A great deal of company attended this ceremony, among them the king, queen, and royal family, who appear to have a singular taste in their *amusements*. It may very well be said of them, as the ancient French historians said of the English nation, that "*ils se divertissent moult tristement!*" The king in particular has never quitted home since

he returned, but to say prayers to the different virgins, at one or other of the neighbouring churches or convents! No country under heaven abounds more with the *outward* signs of devotion than Portugal. The virgin stands godmother to almost all the females, and most of the streets of the city are named in honour of persons or places celebrated in scripture or church history. Donna Maria de Luz, (our lady of light,) I have already mentioned; her aunts are Donna Maria de Picdade, and Donna Maria Madre de Deos; and her cousin (a very amiable and estimable person) is called Donna Maria de Carmo. The house in which the La C. family reside, near Lisbon, is named "Calvario;" we ourselves are lodged in the "Rua San Domingos," and shortly intend to take a house in the "Pateo das Chagas," (i. e. the place of the five wounds of Christ). A fine church, built by the late queen, has a still more extraordinary distinction, being called after, and dedicated to the *heart of Jesus* ("Coracao do Jesus.") I believe that I have already mentioned the latter to you. The king has some

idea of residing in future at the palace of the Ajuda. I lately saw both himself and two of the princesses his daughters, in the ancient palace at Cintra, during a visit of a few hours which they made to that melancholy pile. His countenance was by no means prepossessing; his features irregular, and he had every appearance of being frightened to death. He received but a cold reception from the peasantry, which I rather wondered to observe, as they have hitherto had the reputation of extraordinary loyalty, and to the house of Braganza in particular. The two princesses (one of them a widow, having been married to the late infant of Spain,) were mild and pleasing in their appearance and demeanour. The queen I have not yet seen; she is reported to be growing extremely *devout*. The chief things worthy of notice in this palace, are the apartment in which Don Alfonso a former king, was confined for many years, the victim of fraternal cruelty; and where the prints of his daily footsteps are still plainly visible; and the chair in which the celebrated Sebastian sat, at the last council of

state he ever held, only a few days previous to his mysterious disappearance. The architecture is Moorish, and there are one or two halls of audience which are not inelegant.

The marriages in this country, among the upper classes, are arranged in a most absurd and unfortunate manner. The ceremonies connected with them are endless, and attended with such enormous expense, that frequently the young couple are under the necessity of living in real poverty for several years, in consequence of their foolish and improvident ostentation upon the day of their nuptials. Every husband, however narrow his circumstances, is obliged to furnish his wife with a set of jewels. Diamonds are almost *indispensible* to persons moving in good society, whether married or single, and it is the usual custom for a mother to present each of her daughters with a small set of them, as she emerges from childhood. Yet with all this magnificence, the Portuguese ladies do not dress well; their clothes are generally ill chosen and by no means becoming to the figure, and they mingle all colours of the rainbow without any scruple. The French modistes settled in Lisbon, charge

exorbitantly for every fresh fashion; but they appear to me to be very inferior in talent and in taste, to those of Paris or London. The *quantity* of false curls and braids of hair worn by every woman is really surprising; all ranks and all ages adopt the custom: nor is it without necessity, for the heat of the climate inducing great perspiration, prevents the natural hair from retaining its curl, and it grows so thinly upon the forehead and temples, as to have a very disagreeable bald effect, unless assisted by art. I had formerly heard that the length and luxuriance of the hair was a chief feature in the beauty of Portuguese ladies; but this appears, from all I have been able to observe, to be a total mistake. The *length*, indeed, is always considerable, because the hair is suffered to grow from the earliest period of childhood; and I have often seen female infants of two years old, with their little tresses tied up behind in a knot, with coloured ribands: but the *thickness* is not genuine, and where it appears so, it almost always proceeds from the mere *coarseness* of the hair. The art of the Friseur being a refinement, of course you will not be surprised to

hear that there is not one good *professor* in Lisbon; they do not even know how to cut hair properly. I ought to add, however, that I have seen several exceptions to what I have just said, among ladies with whom I am acquainted.

A letter from Mr. B. which I have just received, gives an account of his feelings upon having seen the interior of the inquisition at Lisbon. He says: "The Inquisition is now open to the free inspection of the public, and I bore the most disgusting effluvia, that can be imagined, from the most filthy of mobs, in order to pay minute attention to the horrors of that iniquitous place! In one dismal dungeon lay the skulls and bones of several victims, and more have been discovered *between the walls* of the cells:* on one of the walls was engraved the name of an unfortunate Englishman; but he is now at rest from the rage of his merciless persecutors, in a land where no inquisitor is permitted to enter. I have seen public executions of different kinds, but nothing in the nature

* It is not improbable however, that these bones were placed here (for the purpose of exciting the popular indignation,) by the *Liberal* party.

of punishment has ever yet made so strong an impression upon my mind, as the view of this detestable prison. I felt that I was walking upon ground which formerly had been trodden only by the cruel or the unhappy! During the whole time I passed here, the image of corporal Trim's poor "brother Tom" was continually before my eyes. The people are furiously active in tearing down the walls of the place, in order to discover the remains of other victims to superstition and revenge." It is said, that no action of atrocity has been committed by the Portuguese inquisitors for the last fifty years; perhaps an inspection of the bones found in these cells might, by scientific persons, be made the means of ascertaining this very doubtful point. I have already formerly mentioned that there are several horrid reports in circulation, relative to a later period of its reign; but as I heard this from a violent Constitutionalist, perhaps the statement might have been exaggerated: at all events the Cortes are right in thus exposing the system in all its horrors, and I think it one of the most politic measures they have

lately taken. How is it possible to feel any compassion for the present mortifications of Ferdinand of Spain, when we recollect, that the first act of his renewed reign was the restoration of the inquisition of that country? If the delusions of party spirit could for a moment be put aside, there would be but *one answer* to this question. The anecdotes circulating here, relative to the disposition and conduct of that wretched tyrant, really make humanity shudder, and such a mixture of meanness, falsehood, and fiendish cruelty, as they display, I never could have imagined.

We purpose leaving Cintra on Monday next, for the season of rain is daily expected, and the atmosphere of Lisbon is become much cooler. I shall quit this beautiful place without regret; for the separation of our domestic establishment is in every way so unpleasant, that the charm of mere scenery, however great, is no compensation. Adieu.

LETTER XXIV.

Cintra, September, 1821.

WE went the other evening, to Ramallão, a palace and gardens belonging to the queen; the grounds are laid out in the ancient Dutch style, and the palace on the outside, (for we were not allowed to enter,) appears but a shabby and tasteless residence; many of the houses belonging to the first nobility have this exterior effect, and the utter want of comfort and delicacy is evident at the first glance, from the filthy dung heaps which are for ever found, (undisturbed by a broom, or any other scavenger than *the dogs*,) lying beneath the windows of the best apartments: a number of fowls are always kept by every family, whether rich or poor, and as they never make any use of the feathers, they are suffered to remain uncollected; by which means an accumulation

of fleas and vermin is infallibly induced, which sometimes rises to the torment of an Egyptian plague: I shall never forget seeing the Count de —— for the first time, in the forenoon of a very hot day, standing out in a balcony of his *palace* as it is called, (a building which, however spacious, had all the air of a sordid, gloomy, dilapidated prison,) dressed in his usual morning dishabille, hands, face, and teeth unwashed, hair in disorder, and with a swarthy beard which evidently had not felt a razor for two or three days, a tooth-pick in his mouth (which, as *Malvolio* seems to think, is a great and dignified resource for idle persons of high rank,) and hanging over the fumes of one of the largest heaps of impurity that I had yet seen, even in the filthiest streets of Lisbon; such a specimen of a nobleman and his palace, was indeed not to be passed over without due wonder and admiration!

I have seen a singular equipage, belonging to a gentleman of the neighbourhood who has a large family, but who cannot afford to keep horses or mules for their accommodation; a clumsy old coach, (as large as

a travelling caravan at an English fair, or a barge,) drawn by bullocks. This ponderous machine is well suited to the state of the roads in Portugal, (which are all dreadfully rough and dangerous,) and I dare say it would contain three times the number of persons, who were stowed, as the poet informs us, in the chaise of Johnny Gilpin's wife. This Noah's ark stopped at the gates of several houses here, and the door was with some difficulty wrenched open by the driver, (*drover* I ought to say,) who also enacted the part of footman. I must own, I should greatly enjoy seeing a London fine lady condemned to make her round of visits in a similar vehicle, after having been accustomed all her life to the Sybarite indulgence of her vis-a-vis, lined with eider down, and hung upon springs of the best workmanship: let it not be imagined that the antediluvian coach in question was merely a *country* contrivance, for the same sort of things are frequently seen even in the streets of the fashionable metropolis of Lisbon. As far as my own experience goes, I am inclined to believe that I was told nothing but the

truth, when it was said that the higher classes of females in Portugal are almost always plain; we have lately been introduced to a few donnas, who have the reputation of beauty; Rubens perhaps might have admired their persons, which were full, even to excess, although he would have found no tints of complexion worthy the emulation of his pencil; as to my own opinion, I must confess, that I thought their face and form highly inelegant and clumsy, and that I am utterly at a loss to conceive how it is possible to think these ladies beautiful; one of them came with her husband to pass a few days in the rural retirement of Cintra, and appeared at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, with diamond ear-rings, and her fingers covered with the most superb rings. There is one young lady here, who forms the greatest exception to the generality of her countrywomen that I have yet seen; her delicate features, graceful manners, and tasteful neatness and simplicity of dress, would do honour to any country; but I ought, in justice, to mention that she has been educated by an English governess.

The Viscondessa de L—— has just returned from paying her duty at Queluz; the first time her age and infirmities have allowed of her doing so, since the return of the royal family: she still holds a nominal appointment at the palace, which is only conferred upon persons of a certain rank, and yet this “illustrious” lady does not know how to spell her own name, or to write a note without offending against the commonest rules of grammar; her case is by no means singular, as many noble compatriots can keep her in countenance; you may judge by this, of the state of education among the nobility, under the *ancienne* regime: she was so obliging as to show me her court dress, which is one of a *livery* common to all persons who are in waiting upon the king or queen; nothing can be more ugly, or in a worse taste; a train of red silk, of the flimsy Portuguese manufacture, and a petticoat of dark dull blue, of the same material; one embroidered in gold, the other in silver, at the edges; with which is worn (by all but widows,) a head-dress of red and

white feathers; widows always appear in a cap, with black flowers.

The silk fabric at Lisbon is said to be improving, particularly during the last twelve months, and there is certainly great need of it; I have seen specimens of their very best silk and satin, which were both rich and thick, although without lustre (comparatively speaking) and extremely dear. French silks are strictly prohibited, but they are not the less worn and admired by the belles of fashion. The national colours are now changed to light blue and white, and the king himself has submitted to wear the cockade, composed of them. Had his majesty *originally* given half of what is now wrested from his grasp, the people would have adored him, and he might have retained all the best and most truly noble attributes of a sovereign; as it is, he gains nothing by the most abject compliances, but the contempt of both parties, Corcunda and Liberal; he is said to have been warned of the probability of the present revolution, many years ago, by a few calm and rational

thinkers who were attached to his interests ; but he continued unfortunately deaf to all advice, until the event actually took place, when the favourable moment was over, and his prospects closed—(it *may* be) for ever. Adieu.

LETTER XXV.

Buenos Ayres, October 18th.

WE arrived here last Monday; the weather is highly agreeable, for the heat has greatly subsided, and I was impatient to return to Lisbon, as my husband's official duties confine him so much, that I have seen but little of him at Cintra: the periodical rains are expected immediately, and people seem to think it unusual, that they have not already set in.

This day is marked by peculiar solemnity: there has been a grand funeral service performed, in the fine church of San Domingo, and masses said for the souls of the twelve patriots, with the intrepid General Freire at their head, who, four years ago, perished upon the scaffold, martyrs in the cause of their oppressed and degraded country. It is a pity that the *seed* sown by these devoted men, should now be reaped by the present

government, whose character and talent are so far inferior; I really cannot forgive the Cortes, for their self-interested arrogant narrow-minded policy; they have by chance been raised to the possession of that absolute power, which in wise and virtuous hands would have been exercised in the cause of humanity, justice and reason; *much* might have been expected for the welfare and happiness of the people, and *so little* in fact has been attempted, that my heart sickens, and my indignation burns, whenever my thoughts turn upon the subject; the persons now at the head of affairs (independent of their more serious defects,) seem to think, (in common with all minds of a limited order,) that arrogance is dignity, and they adapt their practice to their theory, upon all occasions; had the king more energy, his cause might certainly regain the ascendancy, when it is to be hoped that past sufferings would teach him to fulfil with more effect, the sacred duties of a sovereign. It is the fashion in these revolutionary times, to sneer at the term "*sacred*" as applied to majesty; and yet, if we refer

to the eternal laws of order and truth, (which latter is but another name for justice,) we cannot avoid perceiving that a king, when he scrupulously fulfils the various and important duties imposed by the Almighty at the moment he placed a crown upon his brow, merits from all good men that solemn and affecting appellation. I must confess that I am primitive enough to think, and sometimes courageous enough to assert, that it is from a forgetfulness of, and a departure from the plain straight-forward paths of religion, that monarchy has fallen of late into such disrepute; I attribute its evident decline to no secondary cause, and I am hopeless of the future amelioration or happiness of the world, while persons in power, shall continue to uphold the infamous yet received maxim of government, that “*what is morally wrong, may or can be politically right.*” The advice to kings and governors, which the excellent Fenelon has given in the pages of his *Telemachus*, ought to be engraven in letters of gold and fire, in the halls and upon the hearts of every sovereign; we *now* consider his work merely as a *juve-*

nile class book; alas! the time may come, when the greyheaded wise ones will regret that they have so utterly despised the lessons taught in this school; sooner or later we shall all be forced back by the invincible course of events, by the stemless tide of truth, to the same point from which we first departed, and from which we ought never to have diverged; but alas, what tragedies may occur, ere the salutary return is effected! You will not accuse me of romance, or fanaticism, in what I have just said, for I have only urged the doctrines of that *divine* law-giver, whose words are those of “eternal truth and life!”

The Spanish ambassador and his countess are just gone, having concluded their mission, which was to offer congratulations to the king and royal family, upon their return from the Brazils; the *graceful* Spaniard, (for such indeed the countess really is,) came to bid us farewell, previous to their journey, and in the fashion of her country, repeatedly kissed me on both cheeks, embracing me in the most engaging manner, and offering to execute any commissions for us at Madrid;

I regret her departure, for we were just commencing an acquaintance, and found her society very promising. Another diplomatic friend, with whom we were more intimate, is also about to leave us for his own court; he dislikes Lisbon as much as we do, and laughs extremely at the enthusiasm of those English travellers, who have imposed on their fire-side friends at home, by representing it as a sort of "*Pays de Cocagne*." This evening, I have received a visit from a lady of one of the first houses in Portugal; the Condeça d'A. who is just returned to her Lisbon residence, after a sejour of many months at her estate in a distant province; she is the first, (with the exception of the la C——s,) who has shown us the smallest attention or civility upon our arrival in this "land of the stranger:" but why should I mention civility or hospitality towards foreigners? they seem to be virtues *unknown* to this people, generally speaking; the Condeça has invited us to her house, (I believe at the instigation of our mutual diplomatic friend, to whom I have lately alluded,) on all nights, except those on which there is

an opera, as she tells me she is a constant attendant at San Carlos: her first appearance possessed considerable novelty for an English eye, as she was ornamented with many fine jewels, (among which I remarked a brilliant pin of a single stone, as large as a hazel nut,) and decorated with the order of St. John, enriched with diamonds, which she wore at her bosom; she is the only female (with the exception of one other lady of high rank,) upon whom the grand-master had conferred such a distinction; being a widow, her dress was black, as in this country the relict never re-assumes colours after the demise of the husband, unless she is either very young, or has no shame in rendering it apparent to the eyes of the world that she wishes to marry again.

It is really surprising to observe the number of jewels worn by the *inferior* classes also; the chambermaid at the hotel at Cintra wore real diamond earrings when she was dressed for mass, and when I was at the fair of Campo Grande (the largest in Portugal, and much frequented by all ranks,) I saw a

common huckstress standing behind her shopboard in a paltry booth, selling linen-drapery, who wore the most brilliant diamond drops in her ears, of such enormous length, that they nearly touched her collar bones; she was also adorned with a Brazilian chain, (always of the purest gold,) which appeared to be several yards long. The communication between this country and the Brazils, (which latter seems to be a kind of El Dorado,) in some measure accounts for such luxury of ornament. A friend who called upon us this morning, mentioned the following as the present opinion of the Portuguese in general, always excepting the Corcundas, (who would go on hoping to see the ancient despotism restored, though it were effected by the ruin of the congregated inhabitants of the world,) that “the allied Sovereigns will not attempt any measures hostile to the new found liberties of Spain and Portugal; that even, were they ever so well inclined to intermeddle, the *people* of their respective countries would rise to prevent them, and that in a very few years the independence of the South American go-

vernments will be acknowledged by the different European powers, and I am, indeed, very much inclined to join in this idea; time only will discover the justice of these opinions. The first and most probable disaster that is expected to happen to Portugal, is the defection of her American colonies, as a strong spirit of independence has lately been manifest among them: certain it is, that they have long been able to do without the protection of Portugal, and indeed yield far greater advantage than they receive. How long, therefore, they may continue voluntarily to submit to the yoke of the mother country, appears very problematical. The Prince Regent at Rio, Don Pedro, has always been upon bad terms with the King his father, and therefore it will not be surprising, if he should, eventually, embrace the opportunity of becoming the head of a new and independent constitutional government, should the Brazilians afford him the means. At a late meeting of the Cortes, (which now assembles in the convent of the Necessidades,) the Brazilian deputies hardly confronted those of Portugal, and from the

speeches which passed between them, it was evident that the latter were suspicious and secretly afraid of the former, who, on their parts, took little pains to conceal their feelings of scorn and defiance.

I have alluded to the fair of Campo Grande: this is held once every year in a large open space, about two leagues from Lisbon, planted with small trees in formal avenues. There are no amusements of any sort; neither shews, swings, tumblers, jugglers, strolling actors, nor wild beasts, and worse than all, no Punchinello was to be seen. The people displayed nothing of that light mirth and bounding springing hilarity which, at meetings of a similar kind in Spain, France, and some parts of Italy, are so delightful to witness: in fact, it is nothing but a vast commercial mart, where the jewellers' booths were better supplied and more numerous than any others, and the display of English goods very considerable. The fruit stalls were also well furnished, but altogether it was the dullest assemblage of the kind that can well be imagined, and the poisonous breaths of the mob (proceeding from their

garlic-eating propensity) were, to a stranger, absolutely overpowering.

You will, perhaps, wonder that I have not yet visited Mafra; but you would cease to do so, if you were aware of the fatigue of the journey in this climate, and the total absence of all accommodations when you arrive there. It takes up an entire day to see it, on account of the considerable distance from Lisbon and the horrible road through which you must necessarily pass. During the heat of summer it is doubly formidable, as there is not a single tree to shelter the traveller from the sun's intolerable blaze; and when he at length reaches Mafra, through all these difficulties, there is no inn to receive him, and if he has not had the prudence to carry provisions with him, he will run great risk of starvation, as it is nearly impossible to procure any thing really fit to eat in the place. Those persons who wish to enjoy Mafra, should take care to be invited to dine and sleep at the quinta of some friend in the neighbourhood, where, however, they might chance to pay for their meal, by being themselves devoured during

the night by bugs, &c. Truly I am of opinion, from all I have heard of it, that Mafra would not compensate for the trouble of the journey thither; not that I mean to depreciate its merits as a very fine building, and were it any thing similar to Batalha indeed, I might risk all or any inconvenience to have the gratification of beholding it; but I am assured that this is by no means the case, and therefore I feel less shame in yielding to that physical indolence which is fast advancing upon me.

LETTER XXVI.

Buenos Ayres, October 25th.

I WENT the day before yesterday to return the visits of Miss K. (sister to the Swedish Chargé here) and of the Condeça d'A. The house of the latter commands the finest view of the Tagus and the distant mountains that we have yet seen, and I readily acknowledge that the prospect is truly grand and beautiful *in its way*. The mansion, built within the last two years by the Condeça herself, is far more cheerful and fresh in its exterior, than those of the usual run of palaces in this country, but it has no pretension to architectural ornament. The men servants who came out to receive us were numerous, but not dressed with that attention to neatness and spruceness which is so universal among the domestics of noble and wealthy families in England. The interior of the house was both superb and

convenient, and reflected great credit upon the taste of the amiable mistress. Its apartments were many in number, all handsome, well proportioned, and furnished with much elegance and splendour. The estates of the A — family are numerous, and the principal seat, near Coimbra, is, we are assured, one of the wonders of Portugal, and here there has been likewise introduced a degree of comfort as well as magnificence, which assimilates very nearly with English taste and ideas.* At the Lisbon residence she possesses a fine collection of paintings by the old Italian masters, among which we recognized Corregio. She has also a private theatre here, in which her three daughters have sometimes performed operas, as they are all extremely fond of

* The kitchen of this place is a great curiosity; of immense dimensions, and most superbly appointed. A river flows through the midst of it, from which it is the common practice of the cooks to catch the fish, which a few moments afterwards are prepared for the table. The Duke of Wellington is said to have amused himself by fishing here, during the time that he was so hospitably and enthusiastically received by the family.

music; it is beautifully fitted up; and we were rejoiced to learn that it is her intention to open it for entertainments of this nature, during the winter. We perceived at once, that the mind of this lady, superior by nature, had received a degree of culture and polish very rare among her countrywomen, and that she had amply benefited by the opportunities she formerly enjoyed of acquiring information by foreign travel. Her sleeping apartment opens into a room furnished with books, and I saw maps, &c. lying about upon her writing table—a miracle in Portugal. Nothing could be more politely winning than her reception; and the dignity of her person, the regularity of her features, and the sweet expression of her animated countenance, harmonized entirely with the grace and ease of her manner. Her daughters seem to emulate her example; they are very young, but still they are what is called here grown up, and the eldest is recently married to her uncle by the father's side; this, however strange to our apprehensions, has every appearance of being a happy and prudent match, as the young

lady is *attached* to her husband, and the gentleman still in the prime of middle age, and of an estimable character and temper. The second daughter is remarkable, from the fair bloom of her complexion, her blue eyes and light brown hair, all of which are uncommon in this “land of the sun.” The Condeça herself was married very early in life to a near relation, who was at the same time far advanced in years; and it is but too usual for young girls of high rank to be disposed of by their parents, for their own inclinations are seldom consulted, at the age of twelve and thirteen, to very old men, the pope readily consenting to grant dispensations which enable such marriages to take place. A noble foreigner, of very intelligent and agreeable manners, who has passed several years in the Brazils, tells me, that in Portuguese society there, the utmost form and ceremony prevail; when you enter a room, every body rises, and it is expected that you should be particularly minute in inquiring after the health of every absent connection of the mistress of the house. You must always visit in full dress, as if decorated

for court, and make about a hundred bows and curtsies at coming in and going away, or else resign yourself to the mortification of being considered as wholly ignorant and ill-bred. He added, that he would not advise an English friend to look for conversation, in the true sense of the term, at any of these meetings, for the thing is unknown.

We went afterwards to purchase some trifles at a jeweller's shop in the Rua d'Ouro (Gold-street) who is reckoned the Gray or Rundel of Lisbon; we saw several handsome ornaments and magnificent stones, but nothing could bear the smallest comparison in point of workmanship, fancy, or taste, with the beautiful things to be met with in London or Paris. We had occasion to remark, (of what, indeed, we had often been assured,) "the ridiculous pomposity, inattention and disrespect of the tradesmen in Lisbon;"—they generally conceive that they are doing you a favour in allowing you to purchase of them, and if you enter a shop and inquire if they have such and such an article, they will sometimes answer "yes," but without giving themselves the trouble of bringing it for

your inspection, unless you directly request that they will do so.* An English lady purchased a pair of ear-rings of the little Don Pomposo to whom I have just alluded; they amounted to more than ten guineas in value, nor did she attempt to object to their price, yet he received her money with almost a sneer upon his countenance, and wholly disdained to thank her as she left the shop: to this circumstance we were ourselves witnesses. The Portugueze manufacture cotton prints, muslins and calicoes, but they are far behind those of England; woollen goods are also of a very inferior quality, flannel in particular being both dear and bad; much of the latter useful article comes from our own country, but the Portugueze rarely import the best sort.

Driving through the city the other day, we encountered a very common, yet, to a stranger, a most unpleasant sight; two women in an open sege, at whose feet, roll-

* This peculiarity must, I should think, have been handed down to them from the Moors, as it is well known to exist among that people.

ing about with every motion of the carriage, lay the uncovered corpse of a young child, wrapped in a tawdry shawl of orange coloured silk, and loaded with other trumpery finery. Infants, whose parents cannot well afford the expense of a funeral, are taken generally, to the see, or cathedral church of Lisbon, and left on the steps, or upon some tomb, to be interred at the convenience of the priest. The nuns and other charitable persons take pleasure in decking the little corpse with all the finery they can collect, and these fallen blossoms are called "angelios," (angels,) while their death, when under the age of seven years, is considered as a signal favour from heaven, and kept as a festival by the parents. In one of the city churches, a few days since, a poor woman had left the body of her child, and not finding it buried at the time she expected, took it home for the night and returned it the next morning. The rapacious padres of this superstitious country will rarely do their duty without payment of some sort; and it occasionally happens that a dead body is seen lying on its back in the open streets,

with a little cup or pan placed upon the breast, for the reception of voluntary subscriptions to defray the expenses of burial. An English acquaintance of ours, who certainly is not too partial to this people, was narrating some curious anecdotes illustrative of their manners and customs, and more particularly mentioned the disgusting scenes which are sometimes witnessed at these funerals. Should the rank or circumstances of the deceased have been at all respectable, he is carried with great pomp to the grave, attended by many persons bearing lighted torches or wax tapers, and followed by other mourners: when they reach the place of interment, the grave is opened, and the corpse taken out of the *long trunk* in which it had been previously contained, and thrown heedlessly into it, frequently without even the decency of a shroud.

The priests are generally very active in obtaining rich bequests from their dying penitents, but now and then they are paid by the latter in their own coin: an instance of this is just come to our knowledge, at which I confess I was wicked enough to

laugh very heartily.—A sick gentleman of considerable property, thinking himself at the last extremity, called in two of these reverend advisers, who persuaded him, during a violent paroxysm of pain, to vow a pair of silver candlesticks to Saint Antonio (their patron) in case he should recover. Shortly afterwards he got well, and was duly reminded of his promise. “Certainly,” said he, “it is already fulfilled;—it was the first step I took upon recovering my health: look here.”—Then, leading them to a table, he pointed out a pair of silver candlesticks about two inches in height, and not thicker than a straw, which were placed before a miniature of St. Antonio, which he himself possessed.

The Chagas church is enriched by the votive offerings of native mariners, who, during a storm, are wont to promise to their favourite saint, the donation of their best sail, if he will extricate them from the impending danger; and it is no unusual circumstance, to see an immense sail carried up the steep ascent to this church, by a ship's crew, who immediately afterwards redeem it for a

sum of money. The Cortes are at present employed in abolishing a convent, situated at about the distance of a mile from Lisbon, in which the captains of vessels used invariably to confine their wives during their own absence upon a long voyage. Whatever may have been the iniquities of the Inquisition, some small apology may fairly be offered, on the plea of the darkness of the ages in which they prospered most; but cruelties of quite as deep a die are still perpetrated in some of the convents of modern days. It was only a week ago, that a monk was discovered in a loathsome dungeon in one of them, where he had been confined for some venial offence ever since the year 1813; he had suffered so much from bad food, want of cleanliness, and the deprivation of free air, that his death almost immediately followed his release.

LETTER XXVII.

Buenos Ayres, Oct. 26th.

THE Portuguese are by no means less proud of their city, than the Spanish proverb tell us that people are of Seville; indeed they seem not at all behind the Chinese in their estimation of their own capital as the metropolis of the universe, the true centre of the "celestial empire." A little satirical work, lately published, (or republished, I know not which,) is said to have ruffled the plumes of this self-important people, though it is questioned whether they will improve by its useful hints; its title is, "Adam alive again," who is supposed to be permitted to return to earth, for the purpose of making the tour of the world. Our worthy progenitor, like many other old gentlemen, is both surprised and indignant at every change that has been introduced since his

own time, considering the highest improvements in the light of innovations: he passes rapidly through England, France, Italy, Germany and other countries, and finds nothing but perpetual subjects of annoyance; in the remote parts of Germany, indeed, he is a little comforted by perceiving some remains of venerable and primitive ignorance, but when he comes to Portugal he breathes freely. "Here," he exclaims in a rapture, "here will I take up my future abode; here are no nonsensical refinements, no learning, no science, no literature; agriculture is free from modern presumptuous innovations: and so far from being pestered with what are called the 'fine arts,' I can scarcely perceive any appearance of what are denominated by the ridiculous philosophers of the day, 'useful inventions;' the wise, the noble, the magnanimous Portuguese have in no respect altered since I left the world, and they alone are worthy the honour of my association."

Last night we were at the opera; the house is a handsome, spacious building, and

the king's box in the centre of the dress circle, of very ample dimensions, rising in a dome to the upper tiers, has a truly splendid and regal effect. The theatre is badly lighted, shabby in its decorations, and dirty in the extreme, but it possesses some scenes beautifully executed; two large arm-chairs, and a range of small ones, for the king, queen, and royal family, occupy the front of their box, behind which rises a gallery for the ladies and gentlemen in waiting; up to the present moment we are assured that the latter personages, however dignified their rank, were always obliged, by etiquette, to stand during the whole performance, however tedious, if they were admitted to the honour of a place in the same box, instead of remaining in the gallery just mentioned. We were pleased by the performance, "La Festa di Rosa," but our admiration was limited to one or two of the performers. This opera (light and brilliant in the style of its music) is composed by Coccia, a young Italian, who copies so closely from Rossini, that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish the difference between them; the whole

company are from Milan, as well as the corps de ballet; the latter seem to possess little talent, and the mechanist must be, I should suppose, about the worst in Europe; as to the greater part of the scenery, and the dresses of the performers, economy appears to be the order of the day, or rather night. One thing it was impossible not to see—the ignorance, generally speaking, of the audience; almost all the applause was given to what really least deserved encouragement, and a few delicate strokes of genuine talent were entirely lost upon them. Favini was Prima Donna, her voice is much decayed, more from accident or indisposition, than from age, as she is still young and handsome enough for her profession; I should conceive that it had once been very fine; her taste is extremely good, and she is a lively graceful actress:—those who admire her most, insist that we ought to pardon the huskiness of her tones, in consideration of the injury they probably received in the bleak climate of Russia; for Favini was at Moscow with the French armies, composing part of the travelling baggage of Beauharnois.

In comparison with our English belles, the present audience certainly did not look to advantage; there is a superiority in the former, not only in beauty, but in elegance of dress and appearance altogether, which is not to be mistaken: I say this, in no spirit of unworthy and illiberal exultation, but merely as it struck me as being a simple truth.

Adieu.

LETTER XXVIII.

Buenos Ayres, Nov. 2d.

THIS month generally opens in Portugal during a rainy fortnight, which is the immediate precursor of St. Martin's summer; but this year the weather has been so unusually capricious, that we have only experienced two or three days of rain, at irregular intervals, and the summer of this saint seems to have arrived at least ten days before its time. The sun was unclouded yesterday, and very warm without being fierce; a fine breeze tempered its rays, and we availed ourselves of the opportunity to take an excursion by water, to return the visit of an English lady who resides at Pedroços, a small town upon the Tagus, at a few miles distance from Lisbon, close to the picturesque

castle of Belem. The view of Lisbon, when seen from the river, is superbly beautiful; the white and lofty houses, free from smoke, appear as if they ought to be the favourite abodes of elegance and purity; but the moment you land, the pleasing illusion vanishes at once. When we quitted the boat at Pedroços, we found ourselves upon the sands, close under the old Gothic castle which I have just mentioned, which is now made use of as a state prison: the Conde dos Arcos is at present confined there, having rendered himself obnoxious to the new government, upon his return from the Brazils, by the exhibition of Corcunda principles. We soon discovered the residence of Mrs. C—, which boasts of pure air, and is perfectly free from the effluvia of Lisbon or Buenos Ayres; she affirms it to be much cooler also than either, although there is nothing like shade to be seen. We observed that the fences by the road side were chiefly hedges of the aloë, which rises to an enormous height, and here and there a palm-tree reared its slender form among them, giving proof positive of the fierce degree of heat

common to this climate. The fishermen's families chiefly reside in this neighbourhood, and we met several of them in their peculiar costume, carrying large baskets, or antique-shaped pitchers of red earth, upon their heads; the latter are made of porous clay, and are in universal use as water-coolers; they are, I am told, so admired by the Italians for their classic forms, (certainly a remnant of Roman taste,) that large quantities are frequently exported to Italy. Some of these women were busily employed in roasting chestnuts in the open air, and the same trade is going on at this season in every street of Lisbon; nothing can be more delicious than this fruit so prepared: the manner in which they are sent to table in the houses of our English epicures is far inferior; I know not the process there employed, but the Portuguese method is to roast them in an earthen pot, beneath which is a pan of burning charcoal; the women perpetually fan the reluctant embers into a gentle blaze, sprinkling the chestnuts, in their skins, from time to time, with the same kind of coarse salt used in curing

their sardinhas, and which is said to give them a peculiar flavour. The sardinha is a small fish resembling our sprat, which at certain seasons forms the principal food of the lower classes in Portugal. Passing by a shop in this marine village, we saw (for the first time) two men dancing the national dance, which greatly resembles the *cachucha* of Spain, to the sound of the viola or Portuguese guitar, strung with their double wires: they snapped their fingers in cadence to the tune, but used no castagnets, and I saw two boatmen engaged in the same way, upon the deck of a small vessel at anchor; but they were dancing (or rather stamping and gesticulating) to their own singing; these dances were extremely monotonous, and destitute of all graceful animation, forming a great contrast, I am told, to those of Spain.

Upon our return from Pedroços, we dressed and went in the evening to the Condeça d'A's.; the young ladies gave us several pretty modinhas upon the guitar, and accompanied each other in Italian duets upon the piano-forte; they speak French, Eng-

lish, and Italian, fluently, and are particularly well-bred and obliging in their manners, although a little inclined to be shy towards us as strangers. The hair of the youngest is really as worthy of celebration as the tresses of *Berenice*; of a deep rich black, confined in graceful braids, which, if they were released from the comb, would nearly reach the ground. I have taken her master to teach me to accompany my voice upon the guitar, but have chosen the Spanish rather than the Portuguese guitar, the former being much softer, and better adapted to the melancholy tenderness which breathes through most of the modinhas of this country. The Spanish songs, I think, would sound better upon the Portuguese instrument, as they are so much more spirited and lively in their character, and the accompaniments are generally louder, and consist, in most instances, of certain tricks and beats, which are omitted in the Portuguese method of playing. Buenos Ayres becomes more and more intolerable to me, and, I fear, I shall never be reconciled to a permanent residence here; but I endeavour to look on

the bright side of every object, both from duty and policy: there are some things, nevertheless, to which there is but one side, and that a very black one indeed; for example, the filthy state of most places in this neighbourhood; imagine what it is to sit, as I do, night after night in the Hotel, smelling eau de Cologne, or burning dried lavender, to avoid being suffocated by the poisonous odours which rising from the street beneath, reach to the height of our windows, and penetrate even through the panes of glass; it has such an overpowering effect upon my nerves, that I have sometimes found it impossible to refrain from absolute tears of disgust; when we walk out also, either to attend the English chapel, or to take a boat at the water-side, we are obliged to pass through such revolting paths, that my promenade becomes a sensible penance, an absolute state of physical suffering. What I am now saying, is not at all an exaggeration, but no person who has not lived here, can form any idea of these annoyances, although they are by no means so great or so nume-

rous, as they were some few years since. An attempt at cleanliness was first introduced by the French, who ordered all the dogs to be shot, and obliged the natives to exert human labour, in cleansing the streets from the worst species of impurity; but after the departure of these salutary task-masters, the Portuguese once more returned to their dogs and their dirt: the example of the English has since effected some amelioration in their habits and customs; so much so indeed, that even in the city, there are two or three streets which are preserved by the police in a state of comparative purity, and within these last few months, during the dry weather, I have even seen two or three street-sweepers; but I observe that they invariably sweep against the wind. It is very common to see dead animals left in the open footpaths, to the annoyance of every passenger; but the air is so dry and clear, and the attacks of the dogs and flies so incessant, that in a few days the carcasses lose their offensive quality, and present nothing but bare skeletons to the view. I am

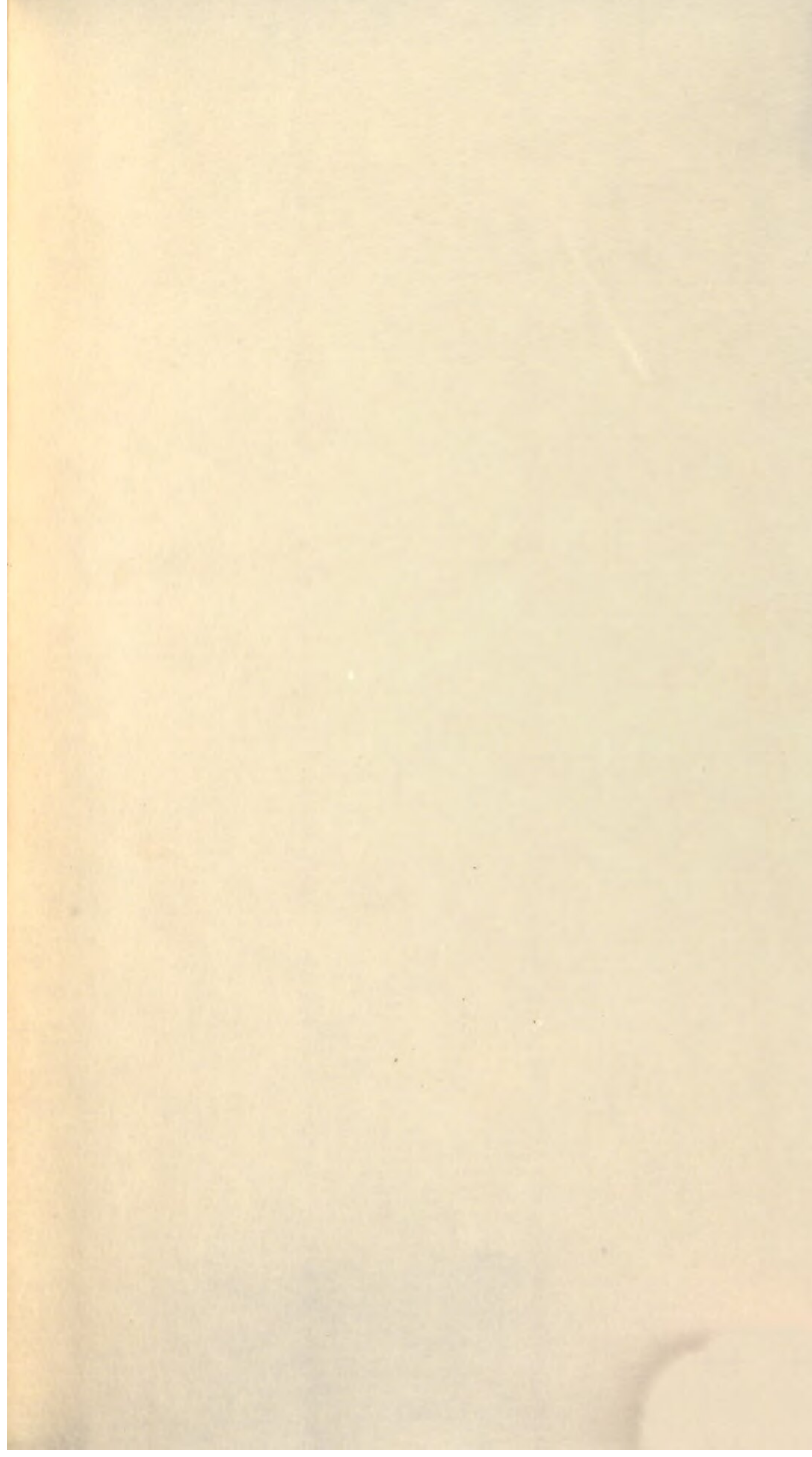
sure you must be tired of this disgusting detail; I will release you therefore, and endeavour to forget "the life which late I led," in that lovely land of my affections, in which this letter will find you.

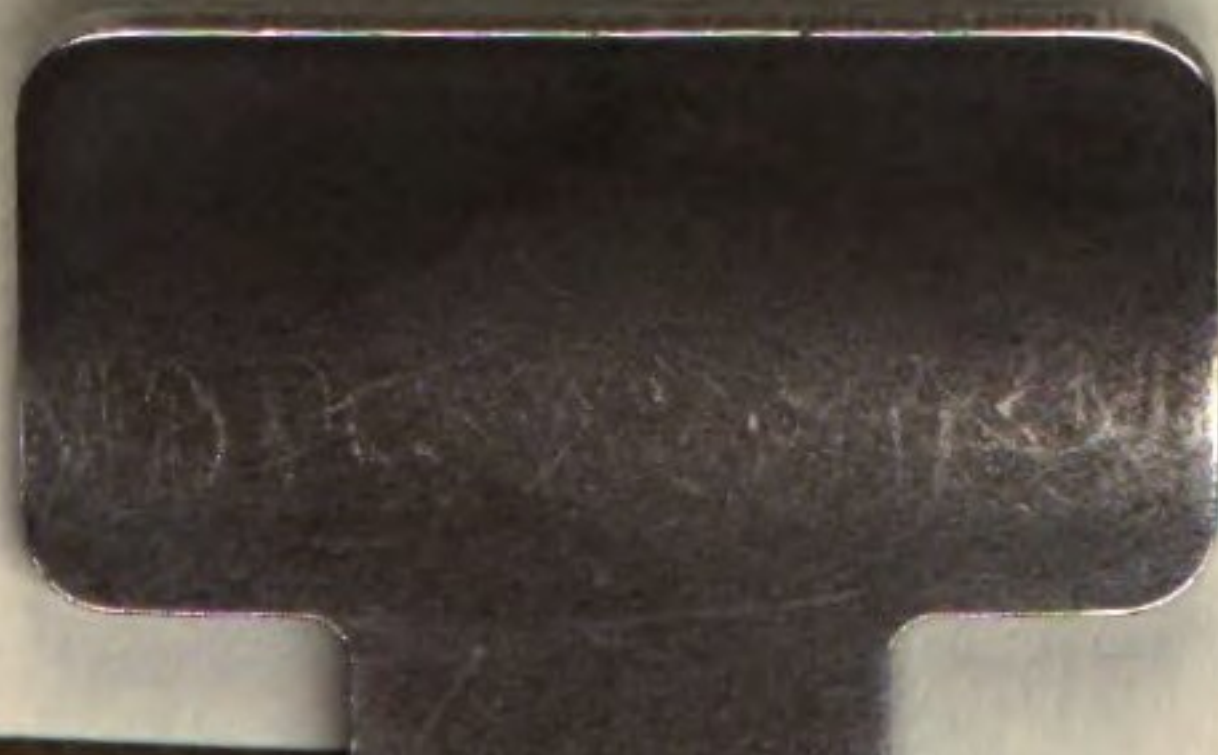
END OF VOL. I.

and you shall be able to find out the
 details; I will not let you know, and am
 determined to forget "the life which I led"
 in that last period of my existence, in
 which the latter will find you.

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